The Living Age

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From Beginning

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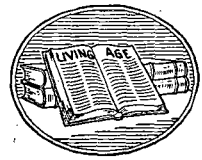

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FRANCE AND CLEMENCEAU

BY ERNEST DAUDET

At the most critical turning point of the negotiations which have in view the preparation of peace, and while the representative of the victorious France struggles against chimerical and utilitarian conceptions tending to ruin us because of their Utopian qualities, it is of great importance that M. Clemenceau should appear to all our Allies as having all the country behind him. In truth there is not a single Frenchman, worthy of this title, who does not associate himself body and soul with the just claims of our Premier. I write this to dissipate certain appearances which might sustain — not hopes (that term is too strong) but illusions. In connection with that vital chapter of indemnities and reparations to which France has right, the glorious old man, furiously eager to obtain justice, has against him only a group of politicians without prestige; creatures of the moment,— for they are justly suspect,— and financiers having relations with the enemy. Our friends must not fall back again into that error, which was before the war that of many people, in regard to the unanimity of French sentiment. This sentiment is to be considered one, whenever the profound interest of the country is menaced as it is to-day by devious schemes of narrow counsels, for this is the most serious moment of the armistice. It is the gravest hour of all history.

Certain politicians — their names are known and their deplorable actions have long since been unmasked. The evidence is clear, not only to our compatriots but also to our young children, that the predecessors of Clemenceau were, during three years of a merciless war, ignobly inferior to their task. Such a one lacked both honor and distinction, this other one perspicacity, another patriotism, another character. While the bitter clutch of circumstance required, to strengthen our institutions, a vigorous personality burning with patriotic fire, there appeared from an atmosphere of political treason and Germanophile intrigue, a line of dwarfs and manikins, among whom was to be found one thorough scoundrel, to-day banished. These pitiful folk were charged with the duty of leading a nation of heroes, who swiftly gave the world their measure by the first victory of the Marne. Had it not been for this first victory, the first signal of the

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coming salvation, the German tide would have overflowed the whole world and submerged with its first waves loyal and generous England. This fact cannot be gainsaid. The war continued amid various vicissitudes, weakened by a spirit of treason, at once concrete and diffuse, which no one dared to take by the throat. The 22d of July, 1917, for the first time, Clemenceau took this treason by its throat. He was never to let go.

For several weeks now, the unhappy and deplorable predecessors of Clemenceau have strewn his path with Parliamentary obstructions. Unhappily, the President of the Chamber was not able in certain cases to put these obstructions to his own use, but the illustrious questioners of Clemenceau, in view of the discussions concerning the peace of the world, know this well, *viz:* that this conspiracy, easily broken to pieces, has only made the popularity of Clemenceau greater. I could also tell of the insults and threats, recently followed by a brutal result which just missed being fatal in effect, with which a number of journalists, whom he has been wrong not to imprison, have honored him. These folk, who pretend to speak in the name of the people, represent the dregs of France. They live in the shelter of threats and clamors. The compliments and scrapings with which they greet this or that representative of the Allies are but shows of an unworthy comedy tending to lessen and rob of its fruits a victory in which they did not believe, a victory contrary to their sole objective, which is pillage and revolution. It would have been a happy task to break these venal pens, the majority of them in the pay of Caillaux, that is to say, of the enemy, and to imprison the objectors. It is never too late to do the right thing.

In regard to the pro-German financiers, whose names and addresses are known, it would be enough to gather them together (at least those who are at work in France) and to talk to them in a manner which would make them reflect upon their actions. The support which they are giving to-day to a so-called democratic Germany, which they would give to an imperial Germany, will soon become worthless.

There is no one more difficult to get at than a dispenser of banknotes when he does not hear the step of an execution patrol. After all, it is hardly the task of those who have made huge profits in the war to prevent their compatriots or their ruined Allies from finding the means of living. While the lesson is being given to political treason in the person of Joseph Caillaux, a lesson ought also to be given to financial treason, a striking, a high, and a just lesson, above all to that clique which directs the International Bank. Once these three groups of objectors have been put aside (and this could be done in forty-eight hours with no difficulty whatever), France in its entirety, I repeat, will be found with M. Clemenceau. The confidence of the nation stands at his side and this confidence will follow him, even as it did for the military victory, to the very end.

L'Action Française

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THE BRITISH VIEW OF IRISH NATIONALISM

EVERYONE with a faculty for argumentation must have despaired sometimes when he found himself opposed in a discussion to a person on whom logic had no effect, for whom syllogisms did not exist, and in whose mind a rationally presented series of connecting links in argument inspired nothing but some new and fantastic irrelevance. The man with the rational mind in such circumstances recognizes at length that all his rationality is of no avail, that every point of learning and dialectic on which he prided himself might just as well not have been uttered, for he has all the time been following the futile occupation of punching a featherbed or kicking against a brick wall. Englishmen who read the reports of Irish debates in the House of Commons know something of that despair. We cannot go into the whole of the debate which took place in the House of Commons the other day, but let us, to illustrate our meaning, disentangle a few arguments from the mass. The Nationalists — and the same thing is true of what may be called the moderate Sinn Feiners, if there be such persons — base their claim for independence upon the rights of small nationalities, and upon what in the jargon of the day has come to be known as self-determination. Surely if these men had any glimmerings of statesmanship they would at once accept the offer that has been made to them over and over again that they may set up a Parliament in Ireland which will not control the Six Counties of Northeast Ulster where the population is predominantly Unionist and Protestant. Obviously, if the majority of the people in the South and West of Ireland have a right to determine their own political destiny, the local majority of the Six Counties have an exactly similar right. That is the merest logic. If the Dublin Parliament should succeed, there can be no doubt whatever that within three or four years the excluded part of Ulster would be begging and praying to come in. If we were Ulstermen, we should always be rubbing in the fact that the unwillingness of Irishmen in the South and West to set up a Parliament where they have a really homogeneous population is the most alarming fact in the situation. Within the area which is undoubtedly of their own way of thinking the Nationalists could carry on quite happily without being balked and tormented by all those tiresome Protestant or Unionist objectors from Ulster. We feel sure that if we were Home Rulers we should actually say: 'We would rather be without miserable anti-Irish Irishmen like you Northeast Ulster people.' Directly the Nationalists began to talk in that strain, and especially if they began to make an obvious success of their affairs, Ulster Unionists and Protestants would begin to hesitate, to ask themselves questions, and to wonder if, after all, there was any need to hold out longer.

But the Nationalists seem to be by temperament or brain power quite incapable of appreciating this. History for them tells its stories in vain. Suppose that during the *risorgimento* of Italy, Garibaldi, Mazzini, and Cavour had said: 'We will have all or nothing. There shall be no partition. If we cannot include in our new State some city where the population is

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thoroughly pro-Austrian and full of anti-Italian patriots, then we will not create a New Italy at all!' Yet, if we can imagine the creators of New Italy being so mad, their madness would not have exceeded what is solemnly and eloquently asserted by Irish Nationalist Members in the House of Commons. Mr. Ronald MacNeill in his excellent speech put the case extremely well. He pointed out that loyal Irishmen who had fought for the maintenance of the Union for generations were anxious not to be obstructive when war came, and they abandoned their insistence upon maintaining the Union. The answer of the Nationalists and Sinn Feiners to that was, as Mr. MacNeill put it, that they wanted 'self-determination for Munster, Leinster, and Connaught, coupled with domination over those who are outside their own borders.' 'That,' he added, 'is the sort of self-determination which I do not think the Peace Conference is likely to support.'

This reference to the Peace Conference reminds us of the appeal which the Sinn Feiners have sent to Paris demanding independence for Ireland as being the right of a small nation. We do not ourselves think that there is any sense, justice, or safety in asking other nations to settle the affairs of our sovereign State, but as the Sinn Feiners, with their customary irresponsibility, have taken this action, it would surely be advisable for the Unionists of Ulster to deliver a counter-attack. Just as an admirable counter-statement was issued by the Ulster Unionists when the Lord Mayor of Dublin dispatched his glowing misstatement about Irish history to President Wilson, so might Ulster Unionists now tell the truth to the Peace Conference. They might invite the Peace Conference to rule that if small nations have the right of self-determination, a similar right shall be extended to any tract of territory, in a new small State not to be separated from the country to which it previously belonged if a majority of the inhabitants express that desire. Such a right is surely coördinate with the right of self-determination. Could there be a proposition more opposed to the principle of self-determination than that a nation has a right to wrench away from the allegiance it professes and loves some such district as that of Northeast Ulster? It might be said that the Unionists and Protestants of Northeast Ulster are really secured by the pledges of the Prime Minister, but it would be a fine thing, and a great thing, if, in spite of the fact that they felt reasonably secure, they asserted the right we have described for other small communities.

We wish we could do justice to Mr. Macpherson's speech, in which the contrast between the prosperity of Ireland and the intense cruelty of the shootings, persecutions, and oppressions being carried out by Sinn Feiners was sharply and ably drawn. But we must content ourselves with referring finally to the speech of Mr. Lynn — a maiden speech which was a real contribution to the debate. Mr. Lynn talked of the repetition by the Nationalist speakers of the 'ancient litany' of imaginary wrongs. Here he put his finger on one of the most ridiculous of Irish irrationalities. The argument that the British Government should now do something wrong and foolish in order to atone for the faults of Englishmen of past generations is a negation of all statesmanlike ideas. If the principle of such a demand is justifiable, why is it not applied to the Roman Church? If Protestant Englishmen must make amends for injustices or crimes said to have been committed generations ago, by what

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right do Roman Catholics demand to be free from the same obligation? On these terms the Roman Catholics owe reparation for the massacre of St. Bartholomew, for the two Irish massacres of the seventeenth century, and for the terrible Irish rebellion of '98. Why should the poor English race be the only one to which is applied the law that 'the sins of the fathers must be visited on the children'? The argument, of course, does not bear looking into. Shakespeare as usual told the truth: 'Crimes like land are not inherited.'

We earnestly hope that Mr. Lynn will press his demand for information about the relations, before and during the war, between the Sinn Feiners and Germany. He traced those relations back to 1911, and stated explicitly that during the war secret wireless installations were established, German submarines were supplied with petrol and other necessaries, large quantities of German arms were landed, and elaborate arrangements were made for a German occupation. The British public wants to know exactly where the Sinn Feiners stand. What is the truth of all these matters? If a Parliament is set up in Dublin, it will, of course, be a Sinn Fein Parliament. It is really utterly indefensible for the government to say in effect: 'We will not allow any information to be published about the character of these men to whom we may entrust the task of setting up a Parliament to rule the greater part of Ireland, and who will have license to make any trouble they please at your very doors.' Mr. Lynn has failed three times to get an answer, but we hope he will persist.

The Spectator

COBLENZ IN MARCH

BY DR. ERICH WULF

A PERSON who has made his way by tedious detours through the narrow strip of territory occupied by the American troops and reached the headquarters of its chief commander, learns in Coblenz that practically all the accommodations for strangers have been requisitioned by the Americans for military purposes, and that travelers are obliged to put up with poorer quarters in officially regulated second or third class hotels. A newcomer soon learns to his great discomfort what that means. He is compelled, under heavy penalty, to report at the police headquarters within two hours. He there receives at a billeting office an assignment of a place to lodge, without having any opportunity to express his own wishes. I was directed to a little tavern which used to be frequented by people from the eastern Mediterranean countries in the old days of free commerce, by gentlemen of the class that circulated through our streets and highways with hand-organs and monkeys. The room assigned me lacked all washing facilities, as might be expected. But it also lacked light and heat. I had scarcely

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got to bed — for I arrived in a night as black as Egypt — when there was vigorous knocking on the door and I was given, in the name of the American law, a bed companion in the person of an agricultural laborer, who, unfortunately, had not removed the evidence of his stable duties before he came to town. Naturally, women travelers will not go to hotels under these circumstances, preferring to spend the night in the waiting rooms of the railway stations.

The first impression, when I went abroad the next day, was that three groups of people were circulating through the city without having the slightest contact with each other. These were the natives, the Americans, and the French. American soldiers are forbidden to have any intercourse with the civilian population. Naturally, this order is very laxly observed after you get away from headquarters. It cannot be enforced as strictly in the country. But it is enforced with great severity in Coblenz, especially when it comes to the daughters of the country. No one sees an American conversing with a German, and if an officer went abroad with a German lady, he would immediately be arrested by the American military police who are standing on every corner with police clubs. Strangely as this prohibition affects one — and it is not enforced in the territory occupied by the French and was not enforced in the case of the German troops during the war — it is not due to hostile sentiment toward us, but merely to the American way of doing things. The Americans do not require the Germans to show any evidence of respect or friendliness, but leave the people to express their sentiments and opinions as they will and allow the newspapers to go on as usual, so long as they do not attack the Americans directly. On the other hand, they see no reason for observing any other attitude toward us than a purely practical one, uninfluenced by sentiment. 'It is war' is the motto that governs their conduct and constantly appears in their conversation. Consequently, they do not permit fraternization. Their solicitude in this respect is due in no small extent to their fear of Bolshevik propaganda, and, according to reports coming from the Belgian district, this danger is a very real one.

. . . To the sorrow of many, who dream of America as a fairy godmother with a cornucopia full of butter, eggs, and hams, the Americans are not very prodigal with their provisions. Even their common soldiers live like first-class passengers on an ocean steamer. They get meat two or three times a day and it is not drowned in a thin soup of green vegetables, but in a substantial portion of good civilian gravy. They are fed up with juicy steaks and are assisted to digest them with real coffee with cream and sugar. They also have the privilege of buying a pound of chocolate each day, or of candy done up in tinfoil, for four marks. They make full use of this privilege, especially since a common soldier gets eight marks a day and a lieutenant gets forty marks for doing nothing. But woe to the soldier who gives away or sells any of his supplies. And three times woe to the civilian who accepts or purchases them. Even to take a cigarette when offered you exposes you to the charge of 'unpermitted possession of American property.' This charge accounted for twenty-three of the sixty-six court-martial sentences issued by the Americans in Coblenz between the 5th and the 20th of January. The offense can be punished with a fine of from 500 to 1000 marks, and the purchase of American property visited with imprisonment for at least three months.

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Still more astonishing than the severity of the penalties is the spy system which the Americans employ for enforcing their laws. Coblenz is full of these secret agents. They hunt up some poor, half-starved fellow in a side street and tempt him with bacon or employ liquors to get him into trouble. Liquor is indeed a bad enemy of the Americans and they have every reason to fight it. They have forbidden absolutely the sale of distilled liquor and the sale of undistilled liquor is prohibited except from 12 to 2 and from 5 to 7. It is their own affair how they keep their soldiers from the snare of the whiskey devil. Patrols of officers inspect the restaurants during the period of prohibition as 'coffee smellers,' looking into the cups and coffee cans to see that it is really coffee and not mixed with rum. But we cannot understand why these secret agents and detectives should be so alert as to interfere with the Germans when they take a drop.

The Americans do not show any painful modesty in circulating detailed questionnaires, even among the smallest manufacturing undertakings, for the purpose of informing themselves as to what is being made and how much, the prices charged, the amount exported, and other valuable facts. But the Americans do have one good quality beyond any of their allies. They are not inspired to the slightest extent by chauvinism. When they occupied the city they came in without any theatrical display, dispensed with a humiliating reception by the city government, and regarded pretentious proclamations as highly superfluous. Each one hastened off straight away to his billet, washed up and went to bed. One should see the French to appreciate the contrast. When a detachment of their troops arrived in Coblenz, they hurried off first thing to the monument of Wilhelm I, running around it as if they were mad and blew at it with their horns. The Americans almost fell over laughing at the exhibition. The Americans are fully justified in punishing any intentional slight to their officers, but it never occurs to them to demand tokens of respect beyond a merely neutral attitude. They are rather inclined to shield the Germans from the exaggerated demands of the French. Most of the American soldiers naturally regard German soldiers with a slight sentiment of contempt. But they are frank and open with the German people. The situation is somewhat more complex in the officer corps, which is sharply separate from the common soldiers, as a privilege-commanding caste. The Germans soon became conscious that many of the officers had entertained a degree of sympathy for Germany. It is significant that these officers were careful to avoid any indication of their friendly attitude. But their sympathy for Germany was completely neutralized by the strong American nationalist sentiment in the officers' corps. An officer of high rank, quite competent of forming an independent judgment, who parried skillfully my political questions during an interview where we were safe from any spying, said vehemently, when I employed the word German-American, 'We have no German-Americans. Unfortunately, we did have too many. We have no Irish-Americans, no French-Americans, just plain Americans.'

You often see pious American soldiers salute a Catholic priest upon the streets, but you never see any of them pay any attention to a French officer. The youngest American lieutenant will pass a French general upon the street without seeing him. The

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Americans and French obviously have an instinctive dislike for each other. Many of the Americans express their opinion of the French standard of civilization which they found in the villages behind the front and complain of the bad condition of their quarters in France. They are fully convinced that America decided the war and resent having the French parade it as their victory.

The sole ardent wish of the American soldier is to shake the dust of Europe from his feet as soon as possible. He is homesick and does n't try to conceal the fact. Peace is the word he is listening for and he is listening for it with the utmost impatience.

The Berliner Tageblatt

ON WRITING LETTERS

It was announced during the week that Mr. J. M. Hogge, M.P., answers some two thousand letters a week. His record is said to be three hundred and seven letters in three hours. Those of us who find it difficult to answer even one letter a day cannot but envy such a genius for verbosity. Given a secretary and a typewriter, however, even the most dilatory may become verbose. There is a luxurious feeling in sitting in a chair and booming out words without any of that tedium of wrist that accompanies writing. It is probably easier to dictate fifty letters than to write one. At the same time, it is clear that many persons do not find the act of writing a burden. Some of the busiest men are also the busiest correspondents. The man who hates letter-writing will have no time to write a letter even if he has nothing else to do. The man who likes letter-writing will find time to write a letter even on a day on which he has to address two public meetings, attend six committees, and write a three-act play. Mr. Gladstone had this miraculous gift of correspondence. Mr. Shaw, we fancy, also has it. The difficulty for such men would be not to write. Total abstinence from ink would be the greatest punishment with which you could threaten them. Their superabundant energy can express itself only through a fountain-pen. Those of us who are reluctant to write letters, on the other hand, are equally the slaves of our personality. We are shy of writing letters, perhaps, that are not worth sending. Even when someone writes to ask us a simple question we do not like to send a curt answer like a Cabinet Minister saying, 'The reply is in the affirmative.' We feel there would be something unfriendly in such brevity, and so we put off answering while we meditate a longer letter. The first time the average human being becomes conscious of the discourtesy of brevity is when in his boyhood he writes home to his parents for money. He knows he wants five shillings, but he is ashamed to say so bluntly, and yet there is nothing else to say. He begins: 'Dear Mother,—I hope you are quite well.' He would gladly run on at once: 'Please send me five shillings.' But he is sensitive enough to feel that the request for money should be kept in the background—should be thrust into a postscript if possible. Even a

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letter which ran: 'Dear Mother,—I hope you are quite well. Your loving son, Alfred. P.S.—Please send me five shillings' would seem to him to be too abrupt in its greediness. Hence the child racks his brains to recall any incident of the day that may be worth mentioning to his elders. He is, as a rule, inarticulate as regards his affections, and he is not old enough to take pleasure in describing things seen or experienced. His letter, if he lengthens it, is a bald record of fact — people seen, drives, games. As length itself is an object, however, and he has a feeling that he ought to fill all the four sides of the notepaper, there is no fact too prosaic for him to set down. As he grows older, he becomes more critical as to the sort of facts that are worth setting down, and he adds the fear of dullness to the fear of brevity.

Now, there could be no greater preventives of letter-writing than the fear of being dull combined with the fear of being brief. The former forbids long letters; the latter forbids short ones. That is the reason why many people never answer letters. It is not that they do not compose the answers, but that they do not send them. They lie awake at night composing them. We know a man who still spends sleepless nights composing a letter in reply to a second cousin in Australia who wrote to him eleven years ago to congratulate him on his engagement. It is not the same letter that it used to be. It has altered with the years. It had to be rewritten when the man married. It had to be revised when the first child was born. The birth of the second child was another piece of news that had to be embodied in it. And now that the eldest child is nine, and a prize-winner at school, even the second child's birth seems a little out of date. And not only the narrative of the letter has changed from year to year, but the apologies with which the letter opens. At first, it was: 'My dear Cousin,— I owe you a thousand apologies, but as a matter of fact I was so pressed for time, what with my work and with house-hunting . . .' Then it changed to: 'I'm sure you will understand, but what with all the anxiety I have gone through owing to my wife's illness . . .' Later on, he justified himself by relating how he had been moving into a larger house and one of the children had had whooping-cough. Wearying of the illness of the rest of the family, he began to deceive himself into inventing a long record of bad health for himself. He also referred vaguely to 'financial troubles,' though he found it difficult to remember any. Then there was overwork, then there was the war, then there was influenza. His latest letter is full of influenza. It is difficult to spread influenza thin enough to make it cover eleven years; but people who do not write letters are perfectly brazen when it comes to making excuses. They will go to almost any lengths in order to avoid making the frank confession that they suffer from the disease of epistolophobia. There are few commoner diseases, and yet there is no pity for the victims. They are universally accused of rudeness, ingratitude, and pride. Their silence is regarded as insulting when it is really flattering. It is the silence of men who are not content to scribble off any old rubbish with a feeling that that will do well enough for their correspondents. They respect their correspondents too highly. And so they wait till they have something to say and time to say it. The further off the correspondent is, moreover, the more particular they are as to what they say. A letter that will do for Sevenoaks does not seem quite worth sending to India. As for Australia, one sits down to a letter to Australia in the mood of a man pre-

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paring to write a history of the civilized world. We do not know if everybody has this materialistic sense of space. We confess we have it strongly. We sincerely sympathize with the man whose second cousin in Australia congratulated him on his engagement. A letter from Australia throws a responsibility on a man from which the boldest may well shrink.

And yet, if there are good excuses for not writing to Australia, there are still better excuses for not writing to anyone at a less distance. After all, the infrequency with which one sees one's Australian friends rather calls for an exchange of letters. When one has a letter from anywhere nearer home, however, one has always an idea that one may be seeing the writer before long and that there is no need to waste time in correspondence. There is a good deal to be said for answering urgent letters by telegram. The letter that cannot be answered in a telegram does not need to be answered at all. It is, we suppose, a good thing for the revenue that so many superfluous letters are written, but there is no denying that three quarters of the letters written are unnecessary. What we protest against is the indignation of the people who like writing letters against the rudeness of the people who hate writing letters. There is a popular idea that letter-writing should be a matter of give-and-take. This is most unfair to the people to whom letter-writing is a form of torture. A. likes writing letters, and so he self-indulgently writes to B.; B. loathes writing letters, and he suffers anguish because he feels he is being rude in not answering A. at once. A. has all the pleasure of the correspondence, B. has all the pains. They might both be perfectly happy if it were generally recognized that their natures are different, and that A. should write all the letters, seeing that he enjoys writing. We have met many good conversationalists who are more than willing to carry on a one-sided conversation. Why is it that no one is willing to carry on a one-sided correspondence? Why should a letter be paid for by a letter? We are surely not merchants and hucksters in our friendship.

Anyhow, it is a safe rule that the only letters worth receiving are those from people who enjoy writing them. Letter-writing calls for that spontaneous overflow of the emotions that Wordsworth demanded in poetry. Walpole, Boswell, Cowper, and Lamb were all natural chatterboxes with the pen. Boswell simply had to tell somebody, so he told his friend Temple. His letters are not tasks of friendship. They are things bursting to be written. They are the bubbling confessions of an egotist, as when he complains that his old Scottish father cannot appreciate him:

> I write to him with warmth, with an honest pride, wishing that he should think of me as I am; but my letters shock him, and every expression in them is interpreted unfavorably. . . . Temple, would you not like such a son? Would you not feel a glow of parental joy? I know you would; and yet my worthy father writes to me in the manner you see, with that Scots strength of sarcasm which is peculiar to a North Briton. But he is offended with the fire which you and I cherish as the essence of our souls; and how can I make him happy? Am I bound to do so at the expense, not of this or the other agreeable wish, but at the expense of myself? The time was when such a letter from my father as the one I enclose would have depressed; but I am now firm, and, as my revered friend, Mr. Samuel Johnson, used to say, I feel the privileges of an independent human being.

Lamb's letters, again, are obviously the work of a man who enjoyed writing them. Even when he writes to apologize to Dr. and Mrs. Asbury for having got drunk at a party in their house, he describes how he had to be carried

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home with more relish than shame. In the course of the letter he writes:

But then you will say: What a shocking sight to see a middle-aged gentleman-and-a-half riding upon a Gentleman's back up Parson's Lane at midnight! Exactly the time for that sort of conveyance, when nobody can see him, nobody but Heaven and his own conscience; now Heaven makes fools, and don't expect much from her own creation; and as for conscience, She and I have long since come to a compromise. I have given up false modesty, and she allows me to abate a little of the true. I like to be liked, but I don't care about being respected. I don't respect myself. But, as I was saying, I thought he would have let me down just as we got to Lieutenant Barker's Coal-shed (or emporium), but by a cunning jerk I eased myself, and righted my posture. I protest, I thought myself in a palanquin, and never felt myself so grandly carried. It was a slave under me. There was I, all but my reason. And what is reason? and what is the loss of it? and how often in a day do we do without it, just as well? Reason is only counting, two and two makes four. And if on my passage home I thought it made five, what matter? Two and two will just make four, as it always did, before I took the finishing glass that did my business. My sister has begged me to write an apology to Mrs. A. and you for disgracing your party; now it does seem to me, that I rather honored your party, for everyone that was not drunk (and one or two of the ladies, I am sure, were not) must have been set off greatly in the contrast to me. I was the scapegoat. The soberer they seemed. By the way, is magnesia good on these occasions? *iii* pol: med: sum: ante noct: in rub: can: I am no licentiate, but know enough of simples to beg you to send me a draught after this model.

Who would not write letters if he could write after this fashion? Lamb obviously enjoyed his letter as much as he enjoyed his liquor. With him, clearly, letter-writing was a form of self-indulgence. That is what letter-writing should always be. If we regard letter-writing in this light, those of us who seldom answer letters have quite as good a right to plume ourselves on our superior morality as teetotalers have.

The New Statesman

THE MINISTRY OF MUNITIONS FROM WITHIN

HOSTILITIES have ceased, and our greatest war-time Government Department is already in dissolution — its staff in its thousands is being demobilized, and some of the hotels it has long occupied may shortly be handed back to their rightful owners.

Some one will, probably, some time in the long years of peace and reconstruction which are opening before us, chronicle our official doings in the official style; but the official chronicler will not mention any of the unofficial doings and misdoings that are related here, and one who has known the Ministry from start to finish may perhaps be forgiven for thinking that their omission will detract from the value of the record.

From a modest platoon of perhaps a couple of hundred working in a half-finished building in Whitehall Place, which was intended to house the Board of Agriculture, in an engineering headquarters at far-away Storey's Gate, and in an eighteenth-century residence in Whitehall Gardens, we have grown into a respectable division of five-and-twenty thousand men and women, scattered far and wide in the hotels and museums of the Metropolis. From being the humble handmaid of

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the War Office for the purchase of ammunition from whatever source it might be gleaned, we have become a mighty organization with branches in almost every allied country, directing the industry of the Empire, and controlling the raw material resources of half the globe. If Mr. Lloyd George claims that he made us, we can equally claim that we made Mr. Lloyd George and gave to the Alliance a leader more potent and popular than the great Pitt himself.

But our beginnings were very humble, and doubtless our mistakes were numerous enough to justify the caustic comment that, when the cow's head was removed from over the door of the newly-christened Armament Buildings, it would have been more appropriate to have substituted that of a jackass.

Six Whitehall Gardens was the residence of the Minister and the Parliamentary Secretary, and the little band of Board of Trade officials who formed the nucleus of the Labor Department that has been so ignorantly and bitterly criticized throughout its existence; away down in Storey's Gate were the chemists and scientists who were planning the production of explosives and propellants on a scale hitherto undreamed of; while the rest of us, constituting the department of the Director-General of Munitions Supply, and consisting of a heterogeneous collection of civil servants and volunteers from the city and the business world, made ourselves as comfortable as we could in the cheerless recesses of Armament Buildings. We worked under a group of 'captains of industry' who were popularly styled 'Men of Push and Go,' and whose function was to see that we did not throttle ourselves with red tape, and to impart the requisite 'hustle' to our dealings with contractors. Poor fellows, for many a long month they fared no better than the rest of us. Their palatial rooms they had to share with armies of workmen, busy putting in telephones and lights and radiators, and even such primitive requirements as window-frames and doors — for we took possession of a mere shell of a building, and it was many weeks before a lift carried us to the higher floors. They suffered, too, from the Registry system, or the want of it. A 'captain of industry' is not accustomed to the writing of minutes — he gives his orders over the phone and his papers are filed ready to hand in such a way that they can be called for and found at a moment's notice. But in a Government Office things are done differently; everything is recorded in minutes. and the minutes are put into files, and the files are all neatly stacked in a Registry, and can be produced in due course when requisitioned in the appropriate manner — at least that is the idea, and in pre-war days it probably worked well, even in the War Office. But the War Office system was an aggravated form of the Government Registry system, and, long before we came into existence, it had broken down under the strain — in days when every file was urgently wanted by not less than six people simultaneously. Yet, for some obscure reason, our Registry was modeled on the War Office Registry, and was, in those early days, a thorn in our sides. The men of 'Push and Go' wrote minutes in the Government style and entrusted them to the Registry, and the Registry lost them or returned them like bread cast upon the waters, and this was a cause of annoyance to the men of 'Push and Go.'

But, probably, it was not so much the fault of the Registry as of the messengers who fetched and carried for them. We had boy scouts first, and they had a stronghold close to the

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main door, from which they terrorized us and our visitors alike, running races along the corridors and banging doors with the precision of railway porters. If the messengers had always done what was expected of them, the transmission of papers would have been carried out as follows. A would have written his minute to B and would have dropped it into his 'out' tray, whence it would have been collected by a messenger and borne to the Registry, and noted and checked out and given to another messenger who, in due course, would have deposited it in B's tray. But we were all anxious to get on with the war and, finding that each of the above processes took time, we preferred to short-circuit the system by sending papers direct, the result being that the Registry lost all trace of their whereabouts, and in many cases the papers themselves vanished into thin air. Once, wishing to test the reliability of the messenger service, I sent a file by hand to a colleague in the adjoining room. That was three years ago, but up to the present the file, and, for aught I know, the messenger, have not been traced. Still, in a place like the Ministry, where every department or section is known by cryptic initials and changes its habitat about once a month, and rooms are numbered on a principle passing the wit of man — well, these little things will and do happen.

Our boy scouts were succeeded by girl messengers, liveried in neat brown overalls. They were less boisterous and, though their attention to the ringing of our bells was but fitful, they showed greater consideration for our comfort in bringing us coal and milk for tea. But this was all much later, when we had begun to annex the Hotel Metropole, which we did piecemeal by the method of peaceful penetration! When we wanted twenty or thirty more rooms, our friends the Office of Works sent in half a dozen house-breakers, who promptly knocked a hole in the wall and, clearing a corridor of its furniture, proceeded to barricade all the passages and staircases communicating with the rest of the hotel. We started on the top floor, but we had eaten into two others before the building was evacuated by its lawful owners, and it was not till the early summer of 1916 that the Minister and the Parliamentary and other Secretaries took up their official residence with us.

The millionaire's suite was allotted to the Minister, and we had heard so much of the painted ceiling and the wall paper of gold and red that it became a regular Mecca of the curious before our chief's arrival — and it is to be feared that Mr. Lloyd George was rather disturbed by a belated party of girl clerks who, unaware of his installation that afternoon, hammered loudly on the locked door until driven off by a scandalized flunky.

But all these haps and mishaps occurred in the days when we were still unorganized — that is to say, before we had an Establishment Department.

An Establishment Department deals with Establishment, and Establishment comprises staff and salaries and accommodation, the three most vital conditions of life in a Government Office. All these things had been dealt with in the early days somehow, but probably the methods were not governmental, and, when the civil servants began their big offensive to recapture the Ministry from the business men, they wisely set to work to establish an Establishment Department, and thereby silently but effectively got power into their hands — for even a 'captain of industry' cannot do without staff; or a room to sit in, and he who fixes

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salaries can curb the expansion of the most ambitious department.

It would be impossible to describe in detail what the Establishment Department did or did not do. Their activities were amazing; they shifted branches and sections bodily from floor to floor or from one hotel to another, like so many pawns in a game; they watched our incomings and outgoings with eagle eye, and told us how many envelopes we were to use and how long a sheet of blotting-paper could be made to last if carefully folded and treated as an ink absorber and not a draught excluder. From the time when the Establishment Department came into our lives we began to know more about each other's doings, for this department issued multitudes of office instructions and general memoranda, telling us when a new section was formed, whom it consisted of, and how we should treat it — and, as half a dozen new sections or even whole branches took shape each week, we got quite a lot of literature provided gratis. As the need for economizing paper became greater, these documents dwindled to the size of handbills; but their numbers grew so fast that, if we did not file them promptly, our rooms became snowed up. It is to be feared that in the early days we did not always preserve them, but that was a mistake, because the later effusions were full of cross references, which were unintelligible without the earlier fly-sheets to refer to — and when it came to questions of salaries or leave, it put us at a hopeless disadvantage.

The Establishment Department made rules and regulations to guide our conduct in every sort of eventuality. They told us how much coal to put on our fires (if we had any), and when to refrain from doing so; they explained that, if we threw lighted matches or glowing cigarette ends into wastepaper baskets or on the carpets (if we had any) a fire would probably result; but they pasted up in our rooms concise instructions as to our conduct should we have, unfortunately, started a conflagration — directing us to walk quietly to a particular room, although not specifying what we were to do when we got there. But the coming of the Gothas gave them wider scope for their paternal watchfulness, and, although we were left to our own devices during the first daylight raid, we faced all subsequent bomb-dropping by day or night with a most comprehensive set of instructions. If our rooms were situated on the two top floors, we were bidden to quit our work and descend, under the guidance of 'specials,' to a lower floor, and there stand with our backs to the passage wall, well away from windows and doors; similarly, if we resided on the bottom floor, we were to proceed upward to safety. If situated amidships, we were to remain calm, open our windows two inches, and then take our places with the wallflowers. I am afraid that the Hun would have been chagrined if he could have seen the hilarity with which we awaited his approach, and more especially if he had realized that this mirth was provoked by regulations aimed at protecting our very lives.

The Ministry kept growing and growing, and its chiefs, from being quite a little family party of Director-Generals and Deputy Director-Generals, became a horde of Council Members, Controllers, etc., and first one and then another would move away with his staff into some distant hotel or office, and, instead of one telephone exchange, we became possessors of between ten and twenty; but unfortunately our telephone lists were never up to date, and even more pitiable was the condition of the Ministry

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Directory which, after making two belated appearances, lurked in proof for nearly two years, and then proved to be more out of date than ever. These defects have been partly compensated for by the development of a fleet of cars, which carry the heads of the various departments from end to end of London to attend conferences and supervise the activities of our outposts. It is true, as critics have remarked, that the fleet is galvanized into wild activity at lunch time and that units are to be seen depositing passengers at restaurants and clubs, but the probability is that some committee sits at the top of the building in question and that its members forego their lunches to attend to the business of the State!

We have always realized, though the public did not seem to do so at first, that we were really doing a big bit toward winning the war, and we felt a sort of reflected glory when our chiefs began to figure in the Honors Lists and plain Mr. So-and-So became Sir This or Sir That, and we watched with pride the progress of those who were taken from us to fill military and naval posts of great importance, though it seemed rather incongruous to meet them, or their personal assistants who went with them, decked out in the full panoply of war. But it was probably no more remarkable than that our most civilian officials, when sent on missions abroad, should adopt temporary military rank, blossoming out for a few weeks as colonels, majors, or captains, although these latter disguises probably had something to do with camouflage.

The Ministry figured prominently in the early Honors Lists, but it never achieved what might be called wholesale recognition until the creation of the Most Excellent Order of the British Empire. Whether or not we were the instigators of the scheme, we felt a sort of paternal interest in the O.B.E., and the weeks preceding the first *Gazette* were a time of terrible suspense. We were conscious, of course, that we had all worked our hardest and that virtue was its own reward, but still, the Order had five classes and our efficiency would now be publicly graded, and, therefore, without making ourselves unduly prominent or trying to pull wires, it behooved us to see that our respective merits were viewed in their true light. The publication of the first *Gazette* did not quite fire the public imagination as we had hoped and it led to a good deal of internal heart burning; but, on the whole, the cynic, who spoke of the 'Order of Blighted Expectations,' had no large following with us — especially when a second and even more generous *Gazette* was promised within a few months. A second and third *Gazette* have come and gone and, before peace is actually signed, it seems likely that we shall all have received due and sufficient recognition of our war-time labors.

These are but a few random inside impressions of the Ministry of Munitions, and perhaps it will be objected that they are trivial and written in too flippant a style for such a weighty subject. But such critics should remember that people read biographies to learn of the foibles and frailties of their heroes — and no man is a hero to his own valet, still less to his secretary typist.

E. D.

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IMMORTALITY AND MODERN SCIENCE*

BY DR. FRANK BALLARD

Of the works named below, that by Mr. Clodd is the latest, but there is a new edition of Dr. Fosdick's little summary, and these, together with the volumes by Mr. Holmes and Dr. Griffith Jones, constitute, perhaps, the most noteworthy utterances among the host of other issues, relating to the eternal question — 'If a man die shall he live again?' and the careful perusal of these will give any fair-minded student opportunity to know the pros and cons of one of the greatest questions that can occur to human minds. Whatever opinions any man may hold, there can be no doubt as to the increased intensity of interest which now obtains in regard to this whole theme. It is simply impossible that Europe should have gone through these four years of horror amid war's sickening slaughter, without raising to a pathetic pitch the age-long human wonder as to what happens after death — anything or nothing? And if something — what?

Whether all that is involved amounts to nothing more than the estimate asserted in Mr. Clodd's onslaught upon Sir Oliver Lodge — 'the recrudescence of superstition which is so deplorable a feature of these days' — is open to discussion. The fact remains that in this country no less than in America — whence, we are told, all these spurious notions are derived — there are more minds now being exercised, more hearts troubled, as to what death means and brings, than ever before. Even if we shrink from estimating the anguish of bereavement, seven millions of our fellow men cannot be suddenly snatched out of mortal existence without creating a wave of wonder, immeasurable alike in pathos and intensity, as to what has become of them. The works of Doctors Jones and Fosdick, along with that by Mr. Holmes (*see footnote*), face this wave bravely and fairly. It may be truly said that each writer shows himself fully acquainted with the modern scientific as well as popular attitude herein. It would be difficult to speak too highly of their representation of the Christian case in these days of storm and stress.

Mr. Clodd's work is avowedly an examination of modern 'Spiritualism.' But he uses the term in a broad sense, not only including such alleged intercourse with the departed as should rightly be called 'Spiritism,' but all other phenomena generally known as 'occult'— such as clairvoyance, crystal gazing, dowsing, telepathy, etc. His attitude toward all these alike is contemptuous rather than virulent. This latter quality is supplied in the postscript contributed —'in direct support of his thesis'— by Professor Armstrong. He not only endorses the amiable epithet 'nauseating drivel,'

* *The Question: 'If a Man Die Shall He Live Again?' — A Brief History and Examination of Modern Spiritualism.* By Edward Clodd, with a postscript by Prof. H. E. Armstrong, F.R.S. Grant Richards.
Sir Oliver Lodge and the Scientific World. By Chas. Mercier, M.D. *Hibbert Journal.* July, 1917.
Spiritualism and Sir Oliver Lodge. Chas. Mercier, M.D.
The Assurance of Immortality. By H. E. Fosdick. Student Christian Movement.
Is Death the End? By J. Haynes Holmes. G. P. Putnam's Sons.
Faith and Immortality. By Dr. Griffith Jones. Duckworth.
Brain and Personality. By Dr. W. H. Thomson, M.D., LL.D. Hodder & Stoughton.

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applied to Sir Oliver Lodge's work by Mr. Clodd, but manages in short space to make many assertions which savor much more of prejudice and 'cocksureness'— to quote Mr. Clodd's own term — than of truth. Thus from the fact that Sir Oliver Lodge's book, *Raymond*, was not at once universally denounced, he draws the modest inference that 'we are living in an age of intellectual decadence, and that even the inklings of scientific method are not yet spread abroad.' 'Spiritualistic faith'— used in the widest sense — 'shows that the rules of evidence are disregarded, and logic entirely discarded, so that modern education counts for very little.' He proceeds to praise Faraday as 'an experimental philosopher,' entirely reliable as a witness against Sir Oliver Lodge. But when Faraday 'clearly recognizes the limitations of human intellect,' and dares to hold some real Christian convictions, he is pronounced a 'pure child of nature, a child of faith,' and the inference is drawn that 'most of us are at once both Jekylls and Hydes.' Readers of R. L. Stevenson's immortal story will appreciate both the benignity of the reference to Faraday as a 'Hyde,' and the modesty of the claim that all whom Professor Armstrong represents are —'Jekylls.'

In spite of Mr. Clodd's ridicule, one must affirm that all unbiased students who have done justice to the *Proceedings of the S.P.R.*, together with the two volumes on *Phantasms of the Living*, by Messrs. Gurney and Podmore, will agree with Sir F. W. Barrett that 'either telepathy is demonstrated as a fact, or there is an end to the worth of all testimony.' But Professor Armstrong opines that 'the most telling indictment of telepathy and spiritualism' is to be found in Professor Henry Sidgwick's disinterested judgment, which prevented his accepting such conclusions as those of Sir Oliver Lodge and others. He conveniently omits to mention Professor Sidgwick's definite acceptance of telepathy — which we will presently supply in his own words — and contents himself with the bald affirmation that such men as Sir William Barrett, Sir William Crookes, and Sir Oliver Lodge 'have not conducted their inquiries in accordance with the canons of scientific method.' The modesty of the suggestion would be comic but for its seriousness. In sober truth, however, it does really come to this, that all investigation which ventures to arrive at conclusions differing from those of Professor Armstrong and his friends — 'is but a spurious article — only playing at science.' One cannot but wonder at such an attitude — until the veil is dropped in the last clause —'Science, in fact, is under a cloud of ecclesiasticism.' Most of these men whose 'interpretation' of facts which cannot be denied differs from that of Mr. Clodd and his friends, are in some sense or degree religious men. They dare to think that there is something in Christianity after all. That is enough. In that case, if they may not be indicted for hypocrisy, at least it may be assumed that they are fools. Their perception is blunted; their intelligence childish; their mental faculties are enfeebled: they have no real knowledge of science; they pay no regard to logic; they have no sense of truth, no thought of protection against trickery, no sensitiveness to the possibility of fraud. In a word they are all alike but as sheep before their shearers, simple babes easily at the mercy of every charlatan. Let it be well understood that nothing but lack of space here prevents a direct quotation being given in proof that everyone of these is suggested by the volume in hand.

They do not emanate from Mr.

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Clodd alone, as every reader of Dr. Mercier's articles in the *Hibbert Journal*, or Dr. Tuckett's volume, or Sir H. B. Donkin's letters, will be aware. These writers are indeed but spokesmen for a school of modern thought which makes loud and dogmatic claim to be heard, and exercises much more influence than ordinary Christian teachers say or think. The Christian authors above named are truly alive to the gravity of the situation, but the majority still prefer the policy of the ostrich, which bids fair to be a costly delusion in coming days. In a well-known journal, with a larger circulation than all the best known religious weeklies put together, Mr. Clodd's work is announced as a 'most timely exposure of the weakness and folly which have spread through human society as an aftermath of the great conflict now closing.' The weakness and folly, of course, consist in the hopes which are so widely cherished, as some mitigation of the anguish of bereavement, that all is not over for the millions slain, and that there may yet be, beyond the grave, the renewal of that heart-communion which made life's best bliss on earth. Professor Armstrong adds that 'Mr. Clodd's book appears to me to be a cumulative and forceful gravamen against a movement every aspect of which is pernicious — pernicious alike to the prime movers and the public; one which at all costs, in support of the sanity of human outlook, we should seek to stamp out with every weapon at our command.'

But this 'gravamen' is much more than an attempted exposure of fraud on the part of mediums, or folly on the part of their sitters. It is by no means content with negations and pseudo-demonstrations of the gullibility of members of the S.P.R. It involves quite definitely the undermining of every ground for Christian belief and the destruction of every reason for Christian hope in the hereafter. It is far from simply supplying the list (on page 136) of mediums who have been detected in fraud. If that were all its aim, it would be welcome indeed. For when Strauss, amid his last pained words, cried, 'But what is the use of having recourse to an illusion?' he only voiced that which every Christian worthy of the name would emphatically endorse. The avowed aim of the school for whom Mr. Clodd speaks is to show that whatever may be said on behalf of faith, or instinct, or other reasons for hope beyond the grave, there is no help or comfort or hope to such effect in modern science.

It is happily true that even if this dreary verdict had to be accepted, all else that has been rationally and cogently advanced by the Christian writers named would yet remain in full force. But Christian faith does not wish to be divorced from true scientific method or result. Nor is there any need that it should be. For all the browbeating of the Clodd-Armstrong-Tuckett school, it claims to abide, quite as intelligently and truthfully as any of these writers, by the Apostolic maxim upon which all science must rest: 'Whatsoever things are true — take these into full account.'* On that ground, the Haeckelian dogmatism which some twenty years ago declared that —

> Modern science has not taught us a single fact that points to the existence of an immaterial world. On the contrary, it has shown more and more clearly that the supposed world beyond is a pure fiction, and only merits to be treated as a subject for poetry. Comparative anatomy and physiology have shown that the mind of man is a function of the brain, and his will not free, and that his soul, absolutely bound up with its material organ, passes away at death like the souls of other

* Phil. iv, 8.

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mammals. All that comes within the range of our knowledge is a part of the material world* —

is now definitely dismissed as false. And if the dictum of W. K. Clifford, quoted by Mr. Clodd with approval, that 'The universe is made up of matter and motion, and there's no room for ghosts'— is to be taken seriously, then, in the light of modern psychology, we treat it also with the same contempt as Mr. Clodd does the conclusions of Sir Oliver Lodge. But in addition we desire here to register a mild but plain protest against the whole attitude of this latest Agnostic utterance.

It is well understood that the word 'immortality' may convey two meanings — survival after death, or continuous existence forever. We are here concerned only with the former. The latter may be dismissed for the present, because it would involve the full contents of Christian eschatology which we are not now considering, seeing that the school of thought represented by Mr. Clodd pays no regard to it. If, as Haeckel affirmed and Mr. Clodd assumes, the human self, soul, personality, call it what we may, perishes at death as utterly as the light of the electric lamp when the current is turned off, there is nothing more to consider. The only question is whether that does happen or not. Apart wholly from Christian and other reasons for the belief that it does not, a movement has undoubtedly developed in these days as never before, and supported by men of unchallengeable repute in modern science, which seeks for proof, in actual fact, of the falsity of Haeckel's 'thanatism' and Clodd's agnosticism. If only some of its alleged findings are true, no one need any more share the oft-quoted horror of Professor Huxley, as addressed to Lord Morley, at the thought of extinction; nor need any of those who have been so cruelly bereaved during these last four years, think that they have lost their loved ones forevermore. Whether the churches look favorably upon such a movement or not, Sir Oliver Lodge and his co-workers are certainly not such fools as the Clodd school make them out to be; and when Sir Oliver boldly declares — 'I am as convinced of continued existence on the other side of death as I am of existence here,'* he represents very many besides himself, who are quite equal in scientific acumen and sincerity to any of their opponents. When, therefore, Mr. Clodd indignantly avers that 'such plainness of speech must be met by equal plainness' — we will take him at his word, and plainly indict his indictment on the ground of its wholesale and unwarranted assumptions.

(1) His assumption in regard to Spiritualism, because of its history, possible explanation, and actual exposures, is that it is wholly false. 'Spiritualism,' in his hands, as pointed out above, means much more than 'Spiritism,' which is the only term rightly applicable to the views of those who frequent séances. All occult phenomena, including most of the findings of the S.P.R., and every reference of anything to the supernormal, come under his lash. But his wild strokes do

Wonders of Life, page 454.

**Raymond*, page 375. Seeing that the sentence which follows specially excites Mr. Clodd's ire, it may be best in the interests of truth to give the rest of the paragraph. 'It may be said you cannot be as sure as you are of sensory experience. I say I can. A physicist is never limited to direct sensory impressions; he has to deal with a multitude of conceptions and things for which he has no physical organ; the dynamical theory of heat, for instance, and of gases, the theories of electricity, of magnetism, of chemical affinity, of cohesion, aye and his apprehension of the Ether itself, lead him into regions where sight and hearing and touch are impotent as direct witnesses, where they are no longer efficient guides. In such region everything has to be interpreted in terms of the insensible, the apparently unsubstantial, and in a definite sense the imaginary. Yet these regions of knowledge are as clear and vivid to him as are any of those encountered in everyday occupations.'

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not accomplish nearly as much as he thinks. This is emphatically a case of *audi alteram partem*. The history, literature, methods, facts, even of Spiritism, to say nothing of the rest, include a great deal more than is so scornfully summarized in these his pages. Moreover, it is not enough to say that 'two generations have passed since Spiritualism gained a footing in this country, wherefore it seems well that its origin and early history should have record. Few know that it came of tainted parentage, and that it grew up in an atmosphere of fraud which still clings to it.'* The 'tainted parentage' may be true. But it is not the whole truth. And as Dr. Fosdick points out, 'No tracing of origins can affect the real significance of anything. We must not compel larks to live under water because their forefathers were fishes.'† The astronomy of to-day, for all its wonder, had its origin in folly if not in fraud. Had their been no astrology we should yet have been under the Ptolemaic delusion. Modern chemistry originated in the absurdities of alchemy. The ancient notions and prescriptions of the healing art were as ridiculous as anything in *Raymond*. Modern science generally began in mistake and confusion. The atmosphere of occult research has certainly not been wholly fraud, or only folly. If all the instances alleged by Mr. Clodd are conceded, it does not follow that all psychical research is either 'pernicious' or absurd. Professor Armstrong, we have seen, alleges that in its case 'logic is entirely discarded.' Well, but what logic is this? Certain mediums have been detected in fraud, therefore, all psychical research constitutes 'a movement every aspect of which is pernicious'! It would be equally logical to call to mind Newton's emission theory of light, and Huxley's Bathybius, and thence assume that every aspect of physics or biology was pernicious. Be the tricks of mediums what they may, any man who can study the *Proceedings of the S.P.R.*, or the volumes on human personality by F. W. Myers, or the *whole* of Sir Oliver's much abused *Raymond*, and pronounce these 'nauseating drivel,' must be definitely charged with the lack of either intelligence or sincerity. Similarly, Dr. Mercier's summary in the *Hibbert Journal** of the methods and findings of psychical research, is nothing less than a slander, in regard to very much thereby included —

> Facts, or what are called facts, observed under hole-and-corner conditions, by those alone who are determined to see them in a certain light, and to interpret them in a certain way; facts that have never been seriously tested; facts from the observation of which independent observers are excluded; facts that never happen when skeptics are present; facts on which the observers have not been cross-examined — do not deserve the name of facts.

No; nor does the attitude of mind which can pen such a series of falsities in regard to a vast amount of research by men in every sense as competent and as acute as this critic, deserve the name of 'science.' That such things are possible, no one of the materialistic school knows or acknowledges more fully than those whose names are held up to so much contempt in Mr. Clodd's volume. But that these sneers apply to all their methods and results is simply false. It exhibits, indeed, an overweening intention which deserves all that this critic himself says on the preceding page, concerning Sir Oliver's work — 'This attitude is thoroughly unscientific from top to bottom, and from beginning to end. It is wrong, root and branch, lock, stock, and barrel.' And Sir Oliver's reply† is as true as mild, as sufficient as dignified.

*Pref., page 7. †Page 56.

*July, 1917, page 613.
†*Hibbert Journal*, October, 1917, page 132.

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A little time ago a certain group of people said to me, 'Produce your proofs.' I had already produced some — I have now produced more. Now they appear to say, 'Take us to the facts and convince us'— well knowing that they do not mean to be convinced. But it is not my function to act as showman. The facts are there, if they care to seek them; they lie as open to them as to me. If they seek, they will find; if they resolutely close their eyes, the loss is theirs. Their prejudice against our statements is born of a resolute certainty either that they are not true, or that our interpretation of them is wholly wrong and muddle-headed. Well, for the present we must agree to differ.

The literature and records of the whole modern endeavor to investigate the possibility and actuality of human survival after death, are much more vast and various than Mr. Clodd chooses to acknowledge. In my own small library I find at least 130 books, all modern, bearing upon this theme. If Mr. Clodd and his friends think that all these and all else they represent are disposed of by retailing the tainted history of Spiritism, or denouncing the trickery of certain mediums, or pouring scorn upon the words and deeds of some modern physicists whose knowledge and character are at least equal to their own, then they certainly are laboring under a great delusion. In an open letter which can only be characterized as insulting, Mr. Clodd complains about Sir Oliver's 'maleficent influence,' adding —'You and those who credit you and other notable men of science as speaking with authority, will not be shaken in your convictions.' But why should they be, just to oblige the Clodd-Mercier school, when they rest on such a basis as — some seven years ago now — Sir Oliver thus openly expressed:

Speaking for myself and with full and *cautious responsibility*, I have to state that as an outcome of my investigation into psychical matters I have at length, and *quite gradually*, become convinced, after more than *twenty years of study*, not only that persistent individual existence is a fact, but that occasional communication across the chasm — with difficulty and under definite conditions — is possible.*

The italics are ours as serving to show not only that such an attitude is truly and fully scientific, but that to characterize its methods and results as 'nauseating drivel and banal inanity,' is merely the sheer impertinence of prejudice. This estimate also applies to the semi-sneer in the words above quoted —'You and other notable men of science.' For among these must certainly be reckoned the Presidents of the S.P.R., who, to say the very least, are much more truly represented by Sir Oliver Lodge than by Mr. Clodd. And who are these dupes of credulity?

Beginning with Prof. Henry Sidgwick, one of the greatest ethical philosophers of the nineteenth century, there follow in order, Prof. Balfour Stewart, Right Hon. A. J. Balfour, Prof. Wm. James, Sir Wm. Crookes, Mr. F. W. H. Myers, Sir Oliver Lodge, Sir W. F. Barrett, Prof. Charles Richet, Rt. Hon. G. N. Balfour, Mrs. Hy. Sidgwick, Mr. H. H. Smith, Mr. Andrew Lang, Rt. Rev. Bp. Boyd Carpenter, and Prof. Henri Bergson.†

As to the gullibility and credulity of these 'leading occultists,' as expressed in the words of Mr. D. Blackburn, concerning which Professor Armstrong avows that no 'more telling statement could be made'— it seems necessary to mention one or two testimonies. Professor James declared openly in his volume on *The Will to Believe*, that 'in fact, were I asked to point to a scientific journal where hard-headedness and never-sleeping suspicion of sources of error might be seen in their full bloom, I think I should have to fall back upon the *Proceedings of the Society for Psychical Research*.‡ To

* *Hibbert Journal*, July 1911, page 709.
† See Mr. Holmes's volume, page 152, where chapter v gives a valuable and impartial summary of 'Immortality and Scientific Research.'
‡ Page 303.

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which may well be added the summary of Mr. Holmes concerning the methods of this same society.

> Maeterlinck rightly describes its work as a 'masterpiece of scientific patience and conscientiousness.' Not an incident has been admitted into the record which has not been supported by unimpeachable evidence; and the canons of evidence used have been the strictest known. No better proof of the rigid character of the investigations conducted by the Society could be given than the secession some years ago of a number of members because of the impossible standard of proof exacted; and the bitter attacks to which it has been ever subjected by the Spiritist press, which has constantly referred to it as 'the Society for the suppression of facts,' 'for the wholesale imputation of imposture,' and 'for the repudiation of every revelation pressing upon humanity from the regions of light and knowledge.' Indeed it is not too much to say that the attitude of the Psychical Researchers from the beginning has been prevailingly that of deep-rooted skepticism. Doubt until doubt becomes absurd; disbelief until disbelief is impossible; 'prove all things, hold fast to that which is good'— these have been the watchwords throughout.*

He may well add with a note of exclamation, 'And yet it is still light-heartedly assumed that the workers in this field are not scientific in their methods and aims, but sentimental and superstitious!' When one compares this impartial testimony — impartial because Mr. Holmes does not accept the findings of the Society as Sir Oliver does — with the assumptions and assertions of Mr. Clodd and his friend, comment seems superfluous.

(2) What then of the closing paragraphs in which Mr. Clodd seeks to summarize his whole case. Thus:

> To Job's question, 'If a man die shall he live again?' science can answer neither 'yes' nor 'no'; all that can be said is that the evidence supplied by comparative psychology does not support the belief in a future life. It leaves it unsolved.
>
> 'Into this universe and *Why* not knowing,
> Nor *Whence*, like water willy-nilly flowing
> And out of it as wind along the waste,
> I know not *whither*, willy-nilly blowing.'
>
> One fact is clear; there has been no advance in ideas of the soul, and no advance in knowledge of the conditions of existence in any after life, from the dawn of thought to the present day. Spiritualism is the old animism writ large.*

To deal with these bald assertions as they deserve, would require not a few pages beyond what is here possible. Suffice it, therefore, to contradict as flatly as language can express, both these main assertions. The 'one fact' alleged is not 'clear,' for it is not a fact at all. And certainly the allegation concerning comparative psychology is not 'all that can be said,' if truth is to avail.

As to the latter, the assumption is twofold. First, that 'psychical continuity' is proved to be the method of evolution. Secondly, that this is fatal to belief in a future life. But the scientific believer who to-day accepts the former, does not by any means concede the latter. Why should he? Mr. Clodd seems to think that the whole case is settled by a simple question —'At what stage in man's evolution was this spiritual essence or nature super-added?' One might well reply in his own words —'to put the question is to submit a problem the solution of which rests with its propounder.' But we may face it frankly for him. In Mr. Holmes's words, 'Somewhere in that long process of organic development the spirit of eternal life entered into the creature, and he became a living soul. Just how or when this took place, it is probably impossible to determine. Nor is the unveiling of this mystery essential to the demonstration of the fact.'† If Mr. Clodd insists that it *is* essential, then we are quite warranted in demanding from him the exact moment

* Page 175.

* Page 301. † *Is Death the End?*, page 124.

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and the complete explanation of the arrival of his own self-consciousness, or his intellectual acumen, or his moral sense, or his power of volition. He may be challenged to say in regard to any one of these that his ignorance affects, let alone disproves, the reality of these elements of his present personality.* His own words are:

> What we further know is our ignorance. All the reactions and responses of our brains to our surroundings are accompanied by changes in consciousness; but what consciousness is, passes the wit of man to discover.†

If, therefore, 'comparative psychology,' in Mr. Clodd's speech, stands for thoroughgoing evolution, then it does support the belief in a future life. For it not only suggests, but emphasizes, the rationality of the whole process, as belonging to a reasonable universe. Whence both Mr. Fiske's Theism and its accompaniment are warranted when he says—

> He who regards man as the consummate fruit of evolution and the chief object of Divine care, is almost irresistibly driven to the belief that the soul's career is not completed with the present life upon the earth. The more thoroughly we comprehend that process of evolution by which things have come to be what they are, the more we are likely to feel that to deny the everlasting persistence of the spiritual element in man is to rob the whole process of its meaning. It goes far toward putting us to permanent intellectual confusion; and I do not see that anyone has as yet alleged, or is ever likely to allege, a sufficient reason for our accepting so dire an alternative.‡

If reference to the 'Divine' is too much for Mr. Clodd and his friends, then we may for the moment (only) be content with Dr. Fosdick's summary—

> When one remembers that all science is based upon the fundamental assumption that the universe is reasonable, when one considers that all propositions are affirmed as true which are necessary to rationalize the facts of experience, it is clear that if personal permanence is necessary to the reasonableness of human life, which is a most important part of the universe, we have proof of immortality in which essentially the same intellectual process used by science in asserting the conservation of energy is applied to the loftier ranges of the spiritual life of man.*

Yet once more — as to the 'one fact' which Mr. Clodd says is now 'clear.' There is such a fact, but it is not what he supposes, and it contradicts what he asserts. Real 'advance in ideas of the soul' has shown that Haeckel was utterly false when he declared that 'Man's mind, as a higher psychic function, is a special physiological function of the brain, or that particular part of the cortex of the brain which we call the phronema, or organ of thought.'† In his volume on *Brain and Personality*, Dr. W. H. Thomson — writing as an unchallengeable expert — has shown the contrary to that estimate, and in so doing has contributed not a little to our advance in knowledge. If all that human personality connotes were absolutely dependent upon brain, then manifestly the destruction of the brain would be the end of all for every man. But such dependence is now definitely disproved, and psycho-physical parallelism leaves us perfectly free to accept the latest conclusion, in Bergson's words: 'Consciousness is distinct from the organism it animates, although it must undergo its vicissitudes — the destiny of consciousness is not bound up with the destiny of cerebral matter.'‡ So are Mr. Fiske's earlier words confirmed — 'The materialistic assumption that the life of the soul ends with the life of the body, is perhaps the most colossal instance of baseless assumption that is known to the history of philosophy.'**

* Page 16.
† *Hibbert Journal*, July, 1917, page 602.
‡ *Man's Destiny*, pages 111-115.

* *Assurance of Immortality*, page 88.
† *Wonders of Life*, page 90.
‡ *Cf.* Holmes, chapter iv and page 145.
** *Destiny of Man*, page 110.

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And we may say to-day even more firmly than he did, that although 'upon these conclusions we cannot directly base an argument sustaining man's immortality, we certainly remove the only serious objection that has ever been alleged against it.'* Personality is at once the most certain and the greatest reality in the universe. And physical death can no more touch that in humanity, than a hammer can smash an idea, or the destruction of a violin necessitate the destruction of the player. Dr. Thomson's volume just mentioned deserves much more notice than it has received, for therein he gives abundant warrant for his avowal that 'a great personality may possibly make a great brain'— it is not always so —'but no brain can make a great personality.'† Hence it is far from enough to say that modern science just 'leaves unsolved' the great question of human immortality. It does much more. It deliberately affirms that there is nothing, either in its efforts or its findings, against the more hopeful answer to that question. In Dr. Fosdick's well-chosen words,

> When a man has canvassed all the standard objections to belief in personal permanence, he finds them manifestly inconclusive. So far as anything that science has discovered is concerned, immortality is as possible as it is significant.‡

Moreover, there is scientific proof, in undeniable facts,— for all who are not willfully blind,— of the possibility of ultra-cerebral communing here, which points definitely in the direction of ultra-cerebral continuity hereafter. In their scorn for telepathy Mr. Clodd and his friends make much of Professor Sidgwick's attitude — almost indeed as if it was all-decisive. Let us then note what he himself says concerning telepathy —

> It is for this reason that I feel that a part of my grounds for believing in telepathy, depending as it does on personal knowledge, cannot be communicated, except in a weakened form, to the ordinary reader of the printed statements which represent the evidence that has convinced me. Indeed, I feel this so strongly that I have always made it my highest ambition, as a Psychical Researcher, to produce evidence which will drive my opponents to doubt either my honesty or my veracity.*

That should be strong enough, skeptical enough, even for Professor Armstrong. And on his own terms it sets us free to accept and estimate the significance of telepathy, as being certainly a definite and pregnant 'advance in knowledge.'

It is no part of our task here even to summarize the scientific as well as religious reasons for cherishing the hope and maintaining the conviction, that for human beings death does not end all. So far as Mr. Clodd's book tends to check untrained credulity, we heartily welcome and endorse it. But it does not show that Sir Oliver Lodge and his co-workers are ignorant dupes; nor that the S.P.R. is composed of credulous time-wasters; nor that modern science forecloses all psychical inquiry; still less that it shuts the door of latest knowledge against our immortal hope. That which Mr. Clodd accomplishes counts for nothing against that which he ignores. The breadth, and length, and depth, and height of human personality are not 'cribbed, cabined, and confined' within a few cerebra cells. Our 'advance in knowledge' throws more widely open than ever heretofore, the door of permission to accept and appreciate all those other than scientific reasons for hope beyond the grave, which come along the lines of Christian Theism, and find their fullest confirmation in the testimony of Jesus Christ — He being not only Himself the plainest teacher of

* *Life Eterlasting*, page 81.
† Page 228. ‡ Page 76.

* *Proceedings of S.P.R.*, volume vi, pages 1-6.

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the life to come, but the strongest guaranty of its certainty. Mr. Clodd suggests that, 'When a ghost of Spiritualism is laid, its epitaph should be, "Behold I was shapen in iniquity and in sin did my mother conceive me."' That may sound well, but it is a 'pernicious' suggestion. For its chopping out of such words from all connection and consequent misapplication of them, is in itself a typical example of the biblical perversities of Agnosticism; and it is not true even of Spiritism at its worst, let alone of that whole vast body of earnest, pathetic, sincere, scientific inquiry, which may legitimately come under the head of 'Spiritualism' in these days.

At least we may be thankful that amid the chaotic upheavals of our time, and with all the heavy pall of numberless bereavements on our hearts, modern science does *not* force upon us the miserably blind despair of the old Persian pessimist which seems so satisfactory to Mr. Clodd. Rather does it leave the modern student free to say, with his eyes as wide open as his heart is full —

> My own dim life should teach me this,
> That life shall live forevermore,
> Else earth is darkness at the core,
> And dust and ashes all that is.

Our real advance in knowledge, while not satisfying any more than the New Testament our curiosity as to the 'conditions of existence in any after life,' yet does not only permit but encourage us to turn to the God whom Jesus bids us ever think of as THE FATHER, with the humble yet confident trust —

> Thou wilt not leave us in the dust;
> Thou madest man, he knows not why,
> He thinks he was not made to die;
> And Thou hast made him: — Thou art just.

AN UN-VICTORIAN VICTORIAN

BY LYTTON STRACHEY

I

THE Pitt nose has a curious history. One can watch its transmigrations through three lives. The tremendous hook of old Lord Chatham, under whose curve empires came to birth, was succeeded by the bleak upward-pointing nose of William Pitt the younger — the rigid symbol of an indomitable *hauteur*. With Lady Hester Stanhope came the final stage. The nose, still with an upward tilt in it, had lost its masculinity; the hard bones of the uncle and the grandfather had disappeared. Lady Hester's was a nose of wild ambitions, of pride grown fantastical, a nose that scorned the earth, shooting off, one fancies, toward some eternally eccentric heaven. It was a nose, in fact, altogether in the air.

Noses, of course, are aristocratic things; and Lady Hester was the child of a great aristocracy. But, in her case, the aristocratic impulse, which had carried her predecessors to glory, had less fortunate results. There has always

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been a strong strain of extravagance in the governing families of England; from time to time they throw off some peculiarly ill-balanced member, who performs a strange meteoric course. A century earlier, Lady Mary Wortley Montagu was an illustrious example of this tendency: that splendid comet, after filling half the heavens, vanished suddenly into desolation and darkness. Lady Hester Stanhope's spirit was still more uncommon; and she met with a most uncommon fate.

She was born in 1776, the eldest daughter of that extraordinary Earl Stanhope, Jacobin and inventor, who made the first steamboat and the first calculating machine, who defended the French Revolution in the House of Lords and erased the armorial bearings —'damned aristocratical nonsense'— from his carriages and his plate. Her mother, Chatham's daughter and the favorite sister of Pitt, died when she was four years old. The second Lady Stanhope, a frigid woman of fashion, left her stepdaughters to the care of futile governesses, while 'Citizen Stanhope' ruled the household from his laboratory with the violence of a tyrant. It was not until Lady Hester was twenty-four that she escaped from the slavery of her father's house, by going to live with her grandmother, Lady Chatham. On Lady Chatham's death, three years later, Pitt offered her his protection, and she remained with him until his death in 1806.

Her three years with Pitt, passed in the very centre of splendid power, were brilliant and exciting. She flung herself impetuously into the movement and the passion of that vigorous society; she ruled her uncle's household with high vivacity; she was liked and courted; if not beautiful, she was fascinating — very tall, with a very fair and clear complexion, and dark-blue eyes, and a countenance of wonderful expressiveness. Her talk, full of the trenchant nonchalance of those days, was both amusing and alarming: 'My dear Hester, what are you saying?' Pitt would call out to her from across the room. She was devoted to her uncle, who warmly returned her affection. She was devoted, too — but in a more dangerous fashion — to the intoxicating Antinous, Lord Granville Leveson Gower. The reckless manner in which she carried on this love affair was the first indication of something overstrained, something wild and unaccountable, in her temperament. Lord Granville, after flirting with her outrageously, declared that he could never marry her, and went off on an embassy to St. Petersburg. Her distraction was extreme: she hinted that she would follow him to Russia; she threatened, and perhaps attempted, suicide; she went about telling everybody that he had jilted her. She was taken ill, and then there were rumors of an accouchement, which, it was said, she took care to *afficher*, by appearing without rouge and fainting on the slightest provocation. In the midst of these excursions and alarums there was a terrible and unexpected catastrophe. Pitt died. And Lady Hester suddenly found herself a dethroned princess, living in a small house in Montagu Square on a pension of £1,200 a year.

She did not abandon society, however, and the tongue of gossip continued to wag. Her immediate marriage with a former lover, Mr. Hill, was announced: '*il est bien bon*,' said Lady Bessborough. Then it was whispered that Canning was '*le regnant*'— that he was with her 'not only all day, but almost all night.' She quarreled with Canning, and became attached to Sir John Moore. Whether she was actually engaged to marry him — as she seems to have asserted many years later — is doubtful; his letters to her, full as

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they are of respectful tenderness, hardly warrant the conclusion; but it is certain that he died with her name on his lips. Her favorite brother, Charles, was killed beside him; and it was natural that under this double blow she should have retired from London. She buried herself in Wales; but not for long. In 1810 she set sail for Gibraltar with her brother James, who was rejoining his regiment in the peninsula. She never returned to England.

There can be no doubt that at the time of her departure the thought of a lifelong exile was far from her mind. It was only gradually, as she moved further and further eastward, that the prospect of life in England — at last even in Europe — grew distasteful to her; as late as 1816 she was talking of a visit to Provence. Accompanied by two or three English fellow travelers, her English maid, Mrs. Fry, her private physician, Dr. Meryon, and a host of servants, she progressed, slowly and in great state, through Malta and Athens, to Constantinople. She was conveyed in battleships, and lodged with governors and ambassadors. After spending many months in Constantinople, Lady Hester discovered that she was 'dying to see Napoleon with her own eyes,' and attempted, accordingly, to obtain passports to France. The project was stopped by Stratford Canning, the English Minister, upon which she decided to visit Egypt, and, chartering a Greek vessel, sailed for Alexandria in the winter of 1811. Off the island of Rhodes a violent storm sprang up; the whole party were forced to abandon the ship, and to take refuge upon a bare rock, where they remained without food or shelter for thirty hours. Eventually, after many severe privations, Alexandria was reached in safety: but this disastrous voyage was a turning-point in Lady Hester's career. At Rhodes she was forced to exchange her torn and dripping raiment for the attire of a Turkish gentleman — a dress which she never afterwards abandoned. It was the first step in her orientalization.

She passed the next two years in a triumphal progress. Her appearance in Cairo caused the greatest sensation, and she was received in state by the Pasha, Mehemet Ali. Her costume on this occasion was gorgeous: she wore a turban of cashmere, a brocaded waistcoat, a priceless pelisse, and a vast pair of purple velvet pantaloons embroidered all over in gold. She was ushered by chamberlains with silver wands through the inner courts of the palace to a pavilion in the harem, where the Pasha, rising to receive her, conversed with her for an hour. From Cairo she turned northward, visiting Jaffa, Jerusalem, Acre, and Damascus. Her traveling dress was of scarlet cloth trimmed with gold, and, when on horseback, she wore over the whole a white-hooded and tasseled burnous. Her maid, too, was forced, protesting, into trousers, though she absolutely refused to ride astride. Poor Mrs. Fry had gone through various and dreadful sufferings — shipwreck and starvation, rats and blackbeetles unspeakable — but she retained her equanimity. Whatever her Ladyship might think fit to be, *she* was an Englishwoman to the last, and Philippaki was Philip Parker and Mustapha Mr. Farr.

Outside Damascus, Lady Hester was warned that the town was the most fanatical in Turkey, and that the scandal of a woman entering it in man's clothes, unveiled, would be so great as to be dangerous. She was begged to veil herself, and to make her entry under cover of darkness. 'I must take the bull by the horns,' she replied, and rode into the city unveiled at

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midday. The population were thunderstruck; but at last their amazement gave way to enthusiasm, and the incredible lady was hailed everywhere as Queen, crowds followed her, coffee was poured out before her, and the whole bazaar rose as she passed. Yet she was not satisfied with her triumphs; she would do something still more glorious and astonishing; she would plunge into the desert and visit the ruins of Palmyra, which only half a dozen of the boldest travelers had ever seen. The Pasha of Damascus offered her a military escort, but she preferred to throw herself upon the hospitality of the Bedouin Arabs, who, overcome by her horsemanship, her powers of sight, and her courage, enrolled her a member of their tribe. After a week's journey in their company, she reached Palmyra, where the inhabitants met her with wild enthusiasm, and under the Corinthian columns of Zenobia's temple crowned her head with flowers. This happened in March, 1813; it was the apogee of Lady Hester's life. Henceforward her fortunes gradually but steadily declined.

II

The rumor of Lady Hester's exploits had spread through Syria, and from the year 1813 onward her reputation was enormous. She was received everywhere as a royal, almost as a supernatural, personage: she progressed from town to town amid official prostrations and popular rejoicings. But she herself was in a state of hesitation and discontent. Her future was uncertain; she had grown scornful of the West — must she return to it? The East alone was sympathetic, the East alone was tolerable — but could she cut herself off forever from the past? At Laodicea she was suddenly struck down by the plague, and, after months of illness, it was borne in upon her that all was vanity. She rented an empty monastery on the slopes of Mount Lebanon, not far from Sayda (the ancient Sidon), and took up her abode there. Then her mind took a new surprising turn; she dashed to Ascalon, and, with the permission of the Sultan, began excavations in a ruined temple with the object of discovering a hidden treasure of three million pieces of gold. Having unearthed nothing but an antique statue, which, in order to prove her disinterestedness, she ordered her appalled doctor to break into little bits, she returned to her monastery. Finally, in 1816, she moved to another house, further up Mount Lebanon, and near the village of Djoun; and at Djoun she remained until her death, more than twenty years later.

Thus, almost accidentally as it seems, she came to the end of her wanderings, and the last, long, strange, mythical period of her existence began. Certainly the situation that she had chosen was sublime. Her house, on the top of a high bare hill among great mountains, was a one-storied group of buildings, with many ramifying courts and outhouses, and a garden of several acres surrounded by a rampart wall. The garden, which she herself had planted and tended with the utmost care, commanded a glorious prospect. On every side but one the vast mountains towered, but to the west there was an opening, through which, in the far distance, the deep blue Mediterranean was revealed. From this romantic hermitage, her singular renown spread over the world. European travelers who had been admitted to her presence, brought back stories full of Eastern mystery; they told of a peculiar grandeur, a marvelous prestige, an imperial power. The precise nature of Lady Hester's empire was, indeed, dubious; she was in fact merely the tenant of her Djoun

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establishment, for which she paid a rent of £20 a year. But her dominion was not subject to such limitations. She ruled imaginatively, transcendentally; the solid glory of Chatham had been transmuted into the phantasy of an Arabian Night. No doubt she herself believed that she was something more than a chimerical Empress. When a French traveler was murdered in the desert, she issued orders for the punishment of the offenders; punished they were, and Lady Hester actually received the solemn thanks of the French Chamber. It seems probable, however, that it was the Sultan's orders rather than Lady Hester's which produced the desired effect. In her feud with her terrible neighbor, the Emir Beshyr, she maintained an undaunted front. She kept the tyrant at bay; but perhaps the Emir, who, so far as physical force was concerned, held her in the hollow of his hand, might have proceeded to extremities, if he had not received a severe admonishment from Stratford Canning at Constantinople. What is certain is that the ignorant and superstitious populations around her feared and loved her, and that she, reacting to her own mysterious prestige, became at last even as they. She plunged into astrology and divination; she awaited the moment when, in accordance with prophecy, she should enter Jerusalem side by side with the Mahdi, the Messiah; she kept two sacred horses, destined, by sure signs, to carry her and him to their last triumph. The Orient had mastered her utterly. She was no longer an Englishwoman, she declared; she loathed England; she would never go there again; if she went anywhere it would be to Arabia, to 'her own people.'

Her expenses were immense — not only for herself but for others, for she poured out her hospitality with a noble hand. She ran into debt, and was swindled by the money-lenders; her steward cheated her, her servants pilfered her; her distress was at last acute. She fell into fits of terrible depression, bursting into dreadful tears and savage cries. Her habits grew more and more eccentric. She lay in bed all day, and sat up all night, talking unceasingly for hour upon hour to Dr. Meryon, who alone of her English attendants remained with her, Mrs. Fry having withdrawn to more congenial scenes long since. The doctor was a poor-spirited and muddle-headed man, but he was a good listener; and there he sat while that extraordinary talk flowed on — talk that scaled the heavens and ransacked the earth, talk in which memories of an abolished past — stories of Mr. Pitt and of George III, vituperations against Mr. Canning, mimicries of the Duchess of Devonshire — mingled phantasmagorically with doctrines of Fate and planetary influence, and speculations on the Arabian origin of the Scottish clans, and lamentations over the wickedness of servants; till the unaccountable figure, with its robes and its long pipe, loomed through the tobacco-smoke like some vision of a Sibyl in a dream. She might be robbed and ruined, her house might crumble over her head; but she talked on. She grew ill and desperate; yet still she talked. Did she feel that the time was coming when she should talk no more?

Her melancholy deepened into a settled gloom when the news came of her brother James's death. She had quarreled with all her English friends, except Lord Hardwicke — with her eldest brother, with her sister, whose kind letters she left unanswered; she was at daggers drawn with the English consul at Alexandria, who worried her about her debts. Ill and harassed,

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she hardly moved from her bedroom while her servants rifled her belongings and reduced the house to a condition of indescribable disorder and filth. Three dozen hungry cats ranged through the rooms, filling the courts with frightful noises. Dr. Meryon, in the midst of it all, knew not whether to cry or laugh. At moments the great lady regained her ancient fire; her bells pealed tumultuously for hours together; or she leapt up, and arraigned the whole trembling household before her, with her Arab war-mace in her hand. Her finances grew more and more involved — grew at length irremediable. It was in vain that the faithful Lord Hardwicke pressed her to return to England to settle her affairs. Return to England, indeed! To England, that ungrateful, miserable country, where, so far as she could see, they had forgotten the very name of Mr. Pitt! The final blow fell when a letter came from the English authorities threatening to cut off her pension for the payment of her debts. Upon that, after dispatching a series of furious missives to Lord Palmerston, to Queen Victoria, to the Duke of Wellington, she renounced the world. She commanded Dr. Meryon to return to Europe, and he — how could he have done it? — obeyed her. Her health was broken, she was over sixty, and, save for her vile servants, absolutely alone. She lived for nearly a year after he left her — we know no more. She had vowed never again to pass through the gate of her house; but did she sometimes totter to her garden — that beautiful garden which she had created, with its roses and its fountains, its alleys and its bowers — and look westward at the sea? The end came in June, 1839. Her servants immediately possessed themselves of every movable object in the house. But Lady Hester cared no longer: she was lying back in her bed — inexplicable, grand, preposterous, with her nose in the air.

The Athenaeum

BLAMING SONS

BY T'AO CH'IEN (365-427 A.D.)

(An Apology for His Own Drunkenness)

WHITE hair covers my temples,
I am wrinkled and seared beyond repair,
And though I have got five sons,
They all hate paper and brush.
A-shu is eighteen:
For laziness there is none like him.
A-shüan does his best,
But really loathes the Fine Arts.
Yung-tuan is thirteen,
But does not know 'six' from 'seven.'
T'ung-tzu in his ninth year
Is only concerned with things to eat.
If Heaven treats me like this,
What can I do but fill my cup?

(Translated from the Chinese by Arthur Waley.

The New Statesman

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PARIS TO LONDON BY AIR

(From a Correspondent)

THERE are many ambitious projects for regular aerial services metaphorically, but not as yet literally in the air. But there is one service which has actually been in operation for some time, and which, so far as we know, is the only regular service for purposes other than military yet established. We allude to the regular mail and passenger service which (weather permitting) plies daily between the Buc aerodrome (Paris) and the Hendon aerodrome (London). To the British air service belongs the credit of the first practical demonstration that flying as a means of traveling is, at the immediate moment, and not at some future time vaguely anticipated, seriously a competitor of locomotion by land and water. The significance of this feat is emphasized by the fact that the service has been in operation through the worst months of the year. The bad weather conditions, while they have made the service irregular, have shown that it can be run safely and without confusion as an alternative to the ordinary land and water service. Trustworthy meteorological reports can be received sufficiently early to enable the authorities to notify His Majesty's mails or passengers, who are booked for the air, whether conditions are such as to permit of the journey. In default of suitable weather for the air passage, there is time enough to make other arrangements.

The Paris to London service is not, of course, open to the public. 'I am no fee'd post,' our pilot would say if the need arose, like the Duke's messenger in a famous play. The service is at present confined to carrying urgent mails in connection with the work of the Peace Conference and transporting members of the British Delegation, whose work is sufficiently important to make them free of the air. The advantages are obvious. Even with every facility that our diplomatic service can secure for travelers to and from Paris, the journey under present conditions is tedious and exasperating in the extreme. It is rarely accomplished under twelve hours. The boats and trains are crowded. The delays are frequent and prolonged. Traveling by air one waits for nobody; one is free from the necessity of continually presenting sheaves of forms relating to food, aliens, embarkation, and so forth, and probably losing some of them by the way; and one arrives in two hours twenty minutes even on a bad day. One is not necessarily colder than upon the deck of a channel steamer in March; there is a pleasant breeze and a good view of the country; there is also an immunity from seasickness and such physical ills as are likely to arise from the hasty consumption of a *déjeuner* somewhere between Paris and Boulogne (*première, deuxième ou troisième* service) of which we have had to deprive our less enterprising fellow travelers. Those who consider that these advantages are canceled by risks which no responsible person should wantonly incur or discomforts sharp in proportion to their brevity, are either extremely nervous or somewhat ill-informed. The hospitable officers at Buc or Hendon provide elaborately for the comfort of their visitors, though this may entail fitting a passenger who is five feet

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three inches into a suit constructed for six feet two. As to air-sickness, this only needs to be said: if a pilot wanted to make his passenger sick, he could probably do so in ways known to experts of the profession. Normal progress through the air, even on a rough day, involves nothing worse than being occasionally slapped and bumped and dropped — pleasantries which have nothing of the disconcerting and treacherous import of the apparently more lenient motions of a bad day in the Channel.

Members of the British Delegation in Paris are in a position to judge to what extent the general public is likely to avail itself of the new means of locomotion. The Delegation is a fairly representative body. All ages and dispositions are to be found. Elderly gentlemen, not conspicuously dashing, come and go by air, as a matter of course. The public will settle down to the idea of traveling by air faster than our grandfathers settled down to the idea of traveling behind a steam engine. It is less disconcerting, we imagine, for a person who has traveled in an express train or a fast motor car to travel in a D.H. 4 than it was for a person who had never traveled faster than a stage coach to realize that he was going sixty miles an hour and had entrusted his life to the care and fidelity of a fallible human being in a signal box. The coming popularity of the air is no longer a matter of speculation. The general public will take to the air as kindly as the residents of the Hotel Majestic. These same residents have now to be officially restrained from claiming the privilege of the air. Unless they are able to plead that the less satisfactory route by land and water will not serve their official purposes, they are firmly discouraged by the authorities.

The weather report comes through to the hotel about half-past eight in the morning. If it is favorable, one thankfully turns one's back upon the Gare du Nord and the horrors which lie behind its portals and drives out into the Bois and the fair country beyond. In half-an-hour one arrives at Buc by way of woods and terraces and glimpses of the river. One is forced into a kind of diving dress, hoisted into a "bus," and, if new to the business, instructed not to put one's foot on the controls. Thereafter comes an odd two hours of solitary contemplation of the world and the works of man from a novel point of view. The continual roar of the engine and the monotonous rush of wind induce meditation. We feel that Teufelsdröckh in his tower had but limited opportunities for philosophizing as compared with our own. It is pleasant to see a village, the merest toy of a village, lost in the gloom of a dull day, but presently to be struck unawares with the traveling sunlight. For our wings are Olympian and we see before the event what is in store for mankind, sunlight or shadow. We realize how easy it would be to see human history as a play, tragical, pastoral, historical, and so through all the degrees of Polonius, if only we could get sufficiently far away. Paris passes away from us on our left, absurdly pretty, absurdly small, obviously amusing. The big woods where people can get lost, the fields where generations have labored ('man comes and tills the field and lies beneath'), the highways and hills and rivers which have determined the course of history, are simply entertaining, and we wonder how for one moment we could ever have taken them seriously. The splendor of cities, the squalor of suburbs, the lure of rivers and roads, the mystery of woods, the nobility of hills — all these things are confounded and lost in a mere

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prettiness as of toys, divertingly arranged to please us. Passing from France to England across a stretch of sea tidily breaking into white ribbons of foam along the shore and dotted with toy steamers with real wakes to them as in a conventional picture, one notes, quite in the spirit of Fabre with his bramble bees, that upon one side of the water, men prefer to build their roads as straight as a ruler, whereas, on the other side they prefer them to wander and lose themselves. And we just wonder why the curious little creatures should behave thus and not otherwise.

One can imagine an artist of the modern school being profoundly resentful of the world as seen from an aeroplane in a cross-country flight. He would feel that it was all too charming to be true. Skimming the underside of a cloud is almost pure Drury Lane. The one thing that relieves our mild pleasure in a monotonous prettiness belying all our old human standards of significance and beauty is a curious sort of satisfaction at having for a moment secured a new perspective, a sense of remoteness and superiority, such as seasons our contemplation of things played upon the stage.

And then a sudden relief from the noise which has become part of our physical condition of being surprises us, and looking down we suddenly perceive that even the Edgware Road can be quaintly picturesque from two thousand feet and that we are beginning to circle down toward Hendon. A few moments later we can exchange views with the pilot for the first time since leaving Paris. We have come over in just over two hours. But for the grace of the air we should be somewhere between Paris and Boulogne with all the sordid details of a channel crossing before us and a prospect of reaching London, with luck, in time for supper.

The Saturday Review

MISS ALLARDYCE'S SOLDIER

BY LUCY LOCKHART

Dolores Allardyce was no longer as young as her face suggested. For twenty years she had sat in the same chair at the same table day by day, till the office in the quiet city street had become a home. The clergyman whose clerk she had been was her pastor and the tower of her knowledge; and the propaganda of his pious tenets was the duty of her life.

He was dead, and she sat alone. His sanctum, the inner room, was empty; and in her heart she knew that a light had gone out which could never be rekindled. The black dress that touched the ground was not a sign of mourning. She had always worn it — one might have said for all those twenty years — and every Saturday she washed the little white tucker at her neck. The pale lips, the sharp features, and dull hair combed severely back from a high forehead, had little, if any, beauty in them; but over each ear a tiny curl would evade her care and wave enchantingly.

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It was her last day. She looked round the old room with an interest it had never had for her before. The distempered walls were lofty and very dusty, and the packets on the high shelves were wreathed in cobwebs. Several calendars hung on nails — some of former years; even the last showed the wrong day of the month. There was the big steel grate and snow-white hearth that took the charwoman an hour each morning to clean, and the old rug in front of it with the holes and the torn fringe where people's feet tripped as they walked across; her No 2 Remington; the letterpress with its damp-smelling book of smudgy copies; the great iron safe standing ajar with the brown tea-pot and cups inside and the cloth hanging on the door to dry.

She stood up, and slowly put on her hat, pushing the curls in behind an elastic band. Her galoshes came next, and then a waterproof, and fabric gloves most neatly darned. With an umbrella and a shabby attaché case that smelled of sandwiches, she made a poor, pathetic figure that indeed seemed part of that dull, lifeless room.

'Good-bye,' said Dolores; and the door banged behind her.

. . . . . .

'I say, you *are* an aristocrat! Can't you lick those envelopes?'

'I've got more respect for my tongue. I can't have it laid up for weeks.'

'What a bit of luck that would be for us!'

'I could n't book-keep here, then.'

'You don't book-keep with your tongue, do you? Unless you lick the blots. Besides, it's like your swank to call doing simple tots book-keeping.'

'It's one of the minor tragedies of life that I cannot retort.'

'Oh, well, I've got to 'phone Barrington for the Chief. Come on, Exchange. Two can play at that game, old Sweet. Get busy now. Central 1410.'

Dolores sat at a desk in the middle of the room. In front of her was the very latest and best of typewriters; by her side hung a dictaphone. It was simply impossible for her to concentrate on her work: she sat with wide-open eyes listening in amazement to her colleagues in the new office — Joan Gregory and Lieutenant Peter Partridge. During the three weeks Dolores had been there, the chatter of this astounding pair had never ceased, except when one of them was out, or when the Chief or a client came into the room. The mysterious part of it was that they got through their work, while Dolores simply sat gaping. And when they passed from repartee into discussion, Dolores found her interest as great an obstacle to work as her wonder had been. Sometimes they spoke to her; sometimes they ignored her altogether; but they were polite and kind in helping her, and certainly she was never dull.

It happened one day that Dolores, who was always sent out first to lunch — Joan had forbidden her to eat anything in the room — got mixed up in a crowd of soldiers just let loose from Charing Cross. She arrived pale, panting, and more than a little frightened.

'What's up with Dolores?' said Peter in a whisper to Joan, who was swinging a black silk leg from the table. 'Hullo, Miss Allardyce! What's happened?'

Dolores explained, adding that it was dreadful to see these men behaving so coarsely when one had thought of them as heroes.

'They did n't worry you, did they?' asked the lieutenant quickly.

'No,' said Dolores. 'I ran away. But there were girls there waiting for

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them, and—and—I think it's terrible to see——'.

'I suppose it is pretty thick sometimes,' Peter began, but Joan, her black eyes shining as she spoke, faced him hotly.

'Of course, I'm a woman,' she cried — Dolores looked at the slight, girlish figure and bobbed hair — 'but I do reckon to know something about men. It makes me sick to hear canting talk about the boys coming home rowdy.' She turned on him. 'You ought to know better. You were out there, too. Their hearts are starved. They got food, of course; but their hearts have been hungry for years. They all wanted their mothers, their sweethearts, or their wives. Men are such babies, really. They are like little lost kiddies. You could take them in your arms and kiss them, and they'd just feel comforted and forget they were lonely.'

Dolores gasped. She did not raise her eyes, but strained not to miss a word.

'My gum!' ejaculated Peter, his face glowing with pride and admiration. Then suddenly, twisting up his mouth, he remarked: 'I always said you were no lady.'

'I never said I was,' retorted Joan. 'And, anyway, it's time for the nose-bag, old lad.'

. . . . . .

'My dear! Was that Dolores in the Strand?' asked Joan, as she and Peter turned into the Corner House for an early supper; they did that sometimes on their way home.

'Yes. I expect this is the spree you advised,' answered Peter.

Half an hour later, as they passed across the *foyer*, she was standing inside near the door looking cold and tired. She did not see them, for her eyes were on the couples moving to and fro at the entrance.

'You must go and speak to her, Pete,' said Joan.

'Why can't you come too?'

'I've had a brain-wave; I believe I know what she's come for.'

Dolores started and flushed when Peter spoke to her.

'Miss Allardyce, are you here alone? Can I do anything for you?'

'No, thank you,' she said very nervously. 'I—I—shall be going soon.'

'Well, can I call a taxi?'

'Oh, no. I shall be all right.'

'Look here, you know——' Peter bent down and put his hand on her arm. 'You won't mind me saying this, Miss Allardyce, but—well—you know—ladies don't stand about by themselves in the evening here. Some of these chaps might think you'd speak to them——'

She raised two startled eyes to him. 'That was what I wanted,' she said. 'But they did n't.'

Peter was dumbfounded; he could think of nothing to say. But Dolores continued.

'You'll think me very silly,' she said, 'and perhaps wrong. I came down here to watch the men arrive home, but I got jostled about in the street, so I slipped in here. They have been so lonely out there, and they have done so much for us: I did so want to give a welcome.' She gave a little laugh, and went on. 'I brought half-a-crown. But you are right. I see now this was n't the way to do it. I must go home.'

'Anyone could see in half a tick she was n't the sort that was trying to see how far she could make you go,' Peter told Joan afterwards. 'But I did feel rotten about it.'

'What did you say? She seemed to go with you all right.'

Peter hesitated, and then he blurted out 'Those little curls, you know—

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It's rotten luck for a girl to live like that—I—I—just said "Look here, Dolores, it's not us chaps, it's you women who feel lonely. Come, cheerio! Ring us up sometimes. Good-night."'

'Best of lads! So that was how she kissed a soldier, was it? Well, anyway, we've sent her home happy.'

But, during the long drive to Stock-well and for hours afterwards in her camp bed, Dolores Allardyce stared into the darkness. She saw a woman, no longer young, of no attractive charm, old-fashioned in person, out-of-date in her work; she saw her whirled for a moment into Life — to peep at it only — and then swept back again by inexorable Fate into her hole, until —she fell asleep.

Everyman

WE WOMEN

BY CONSTANCE L. MAYNARD

First Principal of Westfield College, University of London

Now that six million of us have been gifted with the Imperial Vote, we are more conscious than we have been before of being a compact body. We have now a collective as well as an individual standing, and the change is a real one.

The business of public life goes on, and always has gone on, without us. Not only war, but exploration and commerce, the Church and the universities, the decision and application of the law, the newspapers, the mechanical inventions that further the production and distribution of wealth, and a host of other responsibilities tread their accustomed round ignoring us as coöperators. Of all the currents of the wide world's energy, one stream alone has never been able to do without us, and that is Art. Century and country make no difference; we are always there — not as maker but as object, for we are passive in the hand of the contriver, man. We dance in strange attitudes on Greek vases, we take mincing steps (and are never seen in profile) on Japanese fans, we look out from Mona Lisa's inscrutable smile, we lead to destruction like the Lorelei, we defend the man we love like Portia, and we lead him safely through many perils up to the highest heights like Beatrice. The imaginative creations of the world seem to be fastened to us, and whether they are poetry, tales, songs, music, the drama, or the plastic and pictorial arts, all are full of our praises. Men are never weary of us. Every generation as it arises turns toward us with fresh ardor, till, as a French writer has said, you might think there was only one story in the world, and the summary of it was this: 'She was beautiful, and he loved her.' Very little transpires in history of our relation to the nobler world of the spirit, but we may safely say that, whether for good or ill, we have 'borne all things, believed all things, hoped all things, endured all things.'

Great as our power may have been,

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it was preëminently an individual and not a collective power. Looking at the position in a somewhat superficial manner, we should unhesitatingly decide that the influence was that of one woman over one man — a power intense enough to work wonders here and there, but limited to the narrow space of a single heart on the side of both giver and receiver. Now this is partly true and partly a mistake, and it is on this point I want to speak.

Before going further, let me turn for a moment to the historical past, and express our appreciation of the almost boundless honor that has been paid to us singly. Believe me, we are grateful! For the portraits of Antigone, and of Viola, and of Agnes; for the *Vita Nuova*, and for Rossetti's sonnets, for the Princess and Pompilia; for the Gorgon's head cut off, and for the many fiery dragons slain in our defense; for beautiful pictures of the Virgin Mary, and for the disorderly rout of Comus put to flight; for all the Queens of the Tourney and the Queens of the May, for all the gloves worn as favors or thrown down in challenge, and all the fine cloaks made muddy in our honor — we render thanks for them all. 'But oh, it is not always May,' says the old song, and, alas! it is not. Such is the order of the world in which we live. We are all young, and all attractive, for youth in itself is attractive, and some are beautiful and have a wide range; but in a few years youth and beauty are past, and the power we possess must lie in deeper regions, or it will be as nothing in the world. We are grateful, we are a thousand times more grateful, to man when he discovers and values this underlying region; when the blossom has fallen and the burden and heat of the day make the leaves faint, then is his love our hope and our stay. For pulling in the collar year after year against the incline, for sweet deference to an aged mother, for tender consideration to an ailing wife, for toiling at some monotonous employment for the sake of the education of his children — for these pictures of the beauty and courage of the soul, we do not know how to give thanks enough.

Once again, be it observed, we are dealing with the individual and not with the race. Supremely beautiful may be the sacrifice on either side, and there may be hundreds of thousands of such cases in our happy country, and yet they are all founded on the love of the single heart and not on a principle, and collectively nothing, or almost nothing, has been done for us till the last fifty years.

Turn to the reverse side of the picture and see how this absence of principle tells, and how sorely we have collectively been mishandled. Looking back over history, we find that as a race or community we have been cramped and baffled and thwarted, and confined to the lowest position; some of us have been stifled and dwarfed in harems and zenanas, some of us have had our feet so contracted as to be almost useless, others made into mere beasts of burden, and practically all but a few of us valued only as temporary playthings or as permanent slaves. Behind the outward show there are, moreover, secret doors leading into black chambers, where the very steam of the abyss rises up and blots out the shining of the sun for those who know what there goes on. But it is not my part to wail over agelong woes, nor to preach rebellion. My track in life has lain in the open daylight, and I know too little of these things to speak of them wisely, so let me take Mr. Kidd's words in *The Science of Power* rather than my own, and say that no race and no animal 'has been so thoroughly exploited by man, as has woman.'

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This is a severe indictment, and I rather fear it is true. The part that I do know something of, is that the effect on the character of women has been wretched. 'The angle of incidence is equal to the angle of reflection,' and tyranny finds its exact counterpart in the vices of slaves. Brute force can be matched by cunning, and we have lost the perception of our high calling, and have been paltry, jealous, and unfair; it is a matter for tears.

Let us now turn our minds away from the historical position with its honors and degradations, and look for a few minutes into the dim and innocent world that lies thousands of years behind history, and see if Creation will teach us what we were intended to be. We must stoop to lowly forms of life, but if we look to 'the hole of the pit whence we were digged,' we may find some enlightenment.

The lowest of all animals, corals, sponges, and infusoria, have various strange ways of multiplying their kind, and have no sex; and where there is no division of labor there is little possibility of advance. The duty of the fish is to lay eggs by the thousand, but not to cherish or protect them; therefore, the fish has no character. The reptile works on somewhat the same plan, and, therefore, ethically considered, he is dull beyond words. The insect is no better, except the few communal insects, such as the bee and the ant; these take laborious care of their young, a standard of right and wrong is developed among themselves, and they are highly to be respected. With the birds we enter a higher world, for the parents work themselves thin in feeding their ravenous young, and the father coöperates nobly, affording us almost the only example of true paternity in the animal world. There is a glimpse here and there of the same sharing of toil and sacrifice — as I believe is to be seen among the communal beavers — but among the creatures we know intimately and treat as friends, the father is morally nonexistent. He has his own work to do in the world, and it is other than this. It is better that the two sexes should invest their capital of energy in two separate enterprises, and the male shall have the struggle for life as his portion, and the female the struggle for the life of another; this plan results in a very wonderful development of affection, memory, perseverance, fidelity to a task undertaken, and, indeed, in a first sketch or outline of the most precious thing in the world, character. In the cases we are considering the whole weight of the future, and the weight of the beginning of ethics, fall on the mother. She not only bears and feeds, but guides, teaches, protects, and avenges her family. Look at the mother cat, dog, rabbit, horse, sheep — look where you will, and in their obscure lives you will see marvels of patience and unfailing remembrance.

When all is said, however, the parallel between the animal lives and our own is incomplete. The work is hard but it is short, for, with the physical independence of the offspring, the love of the mother ceases; she becomes always indifferent, and in some cases hostile, a new task of maternity easily supplanting the old. Man is the only creature on the earth that can have six or eight children, all of different ages, and all totally unable to support themselves. Without the coöperation of the father the position is wholly untenable, and he is dragged away from his free life to defend from enemies and to provide food. Thus is he, too, educated into altruism; but in all mankind, whether savage or civilized, it is the mother who reigns

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supreme during the earliest and most plastic years.

Can we guess why this immensely long period of immaturity is given to man alone? Our Creator is wise, and there must be a good reason for putting a quarter of the span of our precious and all-too-short life into the stages of dependence. The pheasant runs about the day it is hatched, and the kitten at a year old is ready to become a mother herself; but we are left behind in a condition of almost inconceivable weakness and incapacity. The reasons appear to be two:

First and obviously, because we have so very much to learn that the period of plasticity must be long. The brain of the chicken is almost completed in the shell, and in a few weeks or months the cerebral arrangements of the cat or the sheep are sufficiently matured to fulfill all the duties of the narrow circle of life which lies before them. But we are born with our great mass of brain smooth and unsolidified, we have a language to acquire, and to learn the multiplication table, and how to behave nicely, and a hundred other things; and all these, as they are impressed on the memory and the will, make furrows or convolutions on the surface of the brain, and thereby constantly augment its power. New furrows can, I believe, be made until we are sixty-three; so there is hope for us all.

Secondly — and this has never been sufficiently dwelt upon — the long childhood produces the mother's love, that ancestral, deep-rooted, and unconquerable love from which all other kinds of affection and loyalty spring. The long appeal of helplessness calls it forth. This love is the foundation of what we term 'character' as opposed to mere impulse; and patience, foresight, sympathy, protective courage, and altruism in general all arise from this one root. Each generation has strengthened the germs of these beautiful qualities till they guide the actions and alter the conditions, and then they are gradually inherited by the offspring, by the male, of course, as well as the female. The dog and the cat have a true infancy of inert blindness, and then a true childhood of vivid play, and it is mainly the modification of disposition produced by the care of these stages that makes both of these animals such sympathetic companions. Throughout the animal world (ourselves included), while the mother is educating the child individually, the child is educating the mother racially.

Thus it is we come to be what we are. Such has been our education from the hand of our Creator, and we now see with greater clearness that we women, we who constitute slightly more than half the human race, are told off to look after the future of the world. The prolonged period of immaturity lies in our hands, and we are meant to be the makers, teachers, and guardians of the next generation, those in whom lie slumbering the vast responsibilities and weighty decisions of the next thirty or forty years. Men have chiefly to do with what *is*, and they must make the best of the material which lies before them; but women have chiefly to do with *what will be*, or rather (if we have eyes to see it) *what ought to be*. Our thoughts and aims lie a little beyond the blue horizon that encircles the present decade. Men have hard struggles, but they also have fruition, and we have not. The lot that falls to us is nothing but endless hope that the future world will be better than the one we know. 'She stays the fair young planet in her hands,' sings Tennyson, and so she does indeed; for to her vision the planet is always fair and young,

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because the possibilities are as sweet to her and as full of promise as are the clear eyes of her children.

We women do not invent or discover things. We are marvelously stupid in these directions. Not the steam-engine, and the electric light, and the aeroplane, and the wireless telegraphy — of course not, for these help forward the work of men;—but not even things that are of the utmost use to ourselves, like the sewing-machine; not chloroform, or the antiseptic treatment of wounds, though in our capacity as nurse these things touch us so nearly. I doubt if even the least thing, from the safety-pin of the Celtic barrows to the fountain pen of to-day, has ever been invented by a woman. It may be urged that she has not had the right education for such work, and so has missed the opportunity; but I think this argument is at least partially invalidated by the fact that, where men and women have had an equal chance, 'a fair field and no favor,' she has done no better. Think of music; many more thousand girls than boys have been forced into learning music, and yet there are no great composers. Think of poetry; here we enter a region undoubtedly congenial and entirely open, and yet surely it is a far cry from Sappho to Mrs. Browning. As an explanation of this last defect, a generous man once suggested it arose from a lack of material, we not having our own selves to write about; but the cause lies deeper than that. Go lower in the scale, go to our inheritance of drudgery, cooking, and sewing. Millions of us have spent our lives in these domestic occupations, yet the better *chef de cuisine* and the better tailor is to this day a man. We learn, we popularize, we teach superlatively well, but we hardly ever originate. That side of our brain seems to be left out, and we cannot make a new thing.

Pause here and think. 'We cannot make a new thing.' Is this true? Why do we toil and suffer? Because we are making the best and highest of all possible things, man. We are *making the makers* of everything else. We are making the whole moral life of our nation in the immediate future. This is more like the creative work of God than any other effort can be, for the result is not inanimate structures which moth and rust corrupt, and which Time, the great thief, breaks through and steals, but centres of new life, new productive power, new scope, new aims. When we send out into the world a firm, self-controlled, generous character, whether man or woman, we have created a whole new thing, for no one can tell where the radiance of such a life will end its shining. We have originated an originator.

Here then we stand to-day, and it is the children who are our glorious inheritance. We have an immensely long immaturity to deal with, and there is no need to hurry over the stages. We are equipped for our task by the love of children having been permanently aroused in us — thanks to the mothers of by-past ages — and this is not only the instinct which awakes with almost intoxicating joy in the individual mother when her babe is laid in her arms, but the permanent and more sober endowment of every woman worthy the name. The savage mother confines her attention to her own children, just as the cat does (and I fear many civilized mothers do the same); but we collectively can have the wider view and love them all, for no better reason than that they are children. We are the mothers of the whole nation, and there it stands at our knee.

The nearly twenty years of immaturity may roughly be divided into four stages: — First, the Age of Passivity,

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which, if the mother knows the laws of physical well-being, is better left to her charge. There is something here beyond me, and I stand aside and look on with profound admiration. There is nothing to be seen on the surface but helpless contentment or a wailing appeal for a change; and the broken nights endured without complaint, the endless sacrifice so cheerfully borne that it will not admit that it is a sacrifice — these are beautiful things, and they are gifts to our race from above. Next in order comes the Age of Self-will, when sometimes the only words a child will say are 'No,' and 'I won't.' This stage needs careful handling, but we need not fear. Nothing is wrong, but the little being has grown unevenly, and the driving power of the will has been born within when as yet there is not enough reason to guide, or affection to concede the point at issue; with right treatment, the character will smooth out between four and five years old. Then comes the happy time, the Age of Chatter, with its unconquerable question, 'Why?' At this stage we gather our treasures into flocks, and every week, every day, is of value. Now the imagination wakes in full tide; now the affections are strong and courage is born; now there are violent likes and dislikes, ambitions and despairs, and there are curious little deceits and honesties, ficklenesses and fidelities, and everything crowds to the surface to have its scope. Central childhood has a charm so vivid that some of us greet it with a feeling akin to rapture. A happy home and happy tuition, and there is nothing to hide, and the whole being is like a clear-running stream that shows the pebbles in its bed. First conceptions about everything have now to be given — Nature and fellow man, science, history, language, and geography — and we must allow of nothing that has subsequently to be unlearned. Also — oh, joy and honor to be allotted the task! — there are the first real ideas of both ethics and religion to be given. The branching this way and that of these, the highest thoughts of which the human mind is capable; the conceptions of patriotism and philanthropy, of justice and generosity, of liberty and order; and then, when these things have had a little practice, and the deadly opposition both from within and without begins to be recognized, there is the bringing all rays to a focus in the thought of Him 'whose we are and whom we serve.' Here are foundations that will need no reconstructing in adult life, lights that no new source can overpower; here we can, as we look at our living and growing plants, quote Goethe's words in a way he did not intend: '*Grau ist alle Theorie, und grün des Lebens goldner Baum.*'

But, lastly, the most difficult stage comes on, the Age of Silence. Till now the child has been racial rather than individual, and we are bewildered when the new ego comes forward, for much of our tuition has sunk out of sight. The brook is still there, but it has got into a ravine deep amid rocks and overhanging bushes, and cannot be seen. Tall, shy, awkward, the whole being has withdrawn into a sheath of self-protection while the permanent man or woman is being formed within. It is marked by a new timidity and a close reserve, and yet there is evidence of strong self-assertion, as who should say, 'I am myself, and you shall not touch me. The generation above me is good, but I will not be arbitrarily controlled by its judgment. That is not fair. I have a newer world than theirs to live and work in, and I can only adopt the principles that seem to me to be right.' Affection and deference may extort many concessions, and

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the sweetest and soundest natures grant them cheerfully; but something of this tough obstinacy underlies every character that is strong and born to be a leader of men. Love and tact can do wonders, and there is a wise non-interference; remember, too, that 'impression is strongest where the power of expression is weakest,' and nothing is too good for these lads and girls who are the true children of the nation. We are the mothers of the nation, and we bear with their difficult ways with that elate feeling with which the physical mother bears with the wails of the Age of Passivity. Now is the time when the stores of the spirit gathered throughout childhood can be vitalized, when the pollen so gently carried by innumerable bees changes the sweet flower into a living force that will gather to itself all good, and in time will face the world with the solid fruit of mature life. Then is the soul brought into the Divine presence, then is the choice made for the kingdom of God and His righteousness; and generally the change takes place in profoundest silence, and never without a struggle.

When we touch on our favorite themes, we are apt to take the bit in our teeth and run, and I must not go into detail. The great question that remains with us is, How shall we educate the women who are to do this great work? Not only the mother and the teacher and the writer are of value, but the sister and the cousin, and, above all, the possible bride who stands unseen among the host of girls. She, indeed, 'may set what price she will upon her own sweet self,' and if bride and wife require a high standard men will live up to it; but my experience is that men sink if women will allow it. Few sights are more grievous than that of the girl making herself cheap, thus undervaluing and spoiling the beautiful reverence with which man is naturally endowed toward her. Then indeed she is a miserable being, and ruins not only her own inheritance, but that of all others.

Even early in life I saw glimpses of what a good education might do in fostering the qualities of judgment and self-restraint we tend so sorely to lack. I was one of the first students at Girton and entered the new world with nearly everything to learn. One long vacation I insisted on attending a meeting in the Town Hall at Llandudno, to hear Miss Lydia Becker on the desirability of the vote for women. Then and there I was convinced, and held to my conviction amid a mild amount of laughter from a conservative country home. But even from the first day I saw that very few of us indeed were to be trusted with the vote, and I gladly threw the energy of my whole life into the cause of education. We are by nature slight, and ill-balanced, and impulsive, and a real training is needed before we can enter on the noble duties life lays before us. If 'Education' suggests Latin and algebra, then it is the wrong word to use; such studies foster an accuracy and a decisiveness that prove an excellent groundwork, but the aim in view is not primarily intellectual, but is that maturing of 'body, soul, and spirit,' that development of the whole character, leading it toward justice, beneficence, order, and liberty, that is the necessary preliminary to supporting responsibility. Eagerly have I watched the attempts toward this true education so long neglected, and seen it spread out into wider and ever wider circles. Some attempts have been unwise, but most have been excellent, and never was there a fire lighted that has made less smoke. The main success of our endeavors is to be seen in our answer to the sudden demand of the war. Prompt as an echo was our response. The women of

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Napoleon's day sat at home and wept, but we have worked, and our work has proved trustworthy. The gift of the long-deferred vote was the result, and we are conscious of being more clearly a corporate body than we were before; we can now work together for the suppression of vice, drunkenness, and other enemies of our race. But to me this fact is a side-issue in comparison with our position, permanent, sacred, God-given, immutable. Man is the executive of the whole world, but we determine whither his labor shall lead. Man rows, but woman steers. Man is not only the best general in war, but the best imperial legislator in time of peace. Judge, professor, artist, merchant, what you will, it is my belief that he beats us at every point but one; that, however, is the supremely important point of the direction of effort. Whither is man's immense industry leading the world? We hold the rudder, and we have our eyes fixed on the vague but bright ideal that lies not far beyond the horizon's limit. We fight for 'right and not for rights,' for the highest well-being of our country. Let us be content, and more than content. Let us be silent in view of the greatness of our vocation. 'The prize is noble and the hope is great.'

The Hibbert Journal

THE BRIGADIER'S YARN

BY 'PATLANDER'

THE Visiting Brigadier cracked a walnut and glanced toward the General. 'I wonder if you remember a French interpreter by the name of de Blavincourt, Sir? He was with you once, I believe.'

The A.P.M. across the way paused in the act of tapping a cigarette on his case. 'Little gunner man, wore red plush bags and a blue velvet hat? Yes, up in the salient in '17.'

The General puffed three perfect smoke rings toward the chandelier (an accomplishment he had acquired thirty-five years previously at the 'Shop' and was still proud of) and smiled. 'De Blavincourt? why, yes, I remember him. He knew more about cooking than all the *chefs* in Europe and taught my poisoner to make rations taste like food. Of course I remember him. Why?'

'Because he came my way just at the end of the war and had rather a curious adventure,' said the Brigadier, stirring his coffee. 'I thought you might be interested.'

'I am,' the General replied. 'What happened?'

The Brigadier cleared his throat. 'We were in front of Tournai at the time, scrapping our way from house to house through Faubourg de Lille, the city's western suburb. My Brigade Major stumped into H.Q. one afternoon looking pretty grim. "We 'd best move out of here, Sir," said he, "before we're wafted."

'"What's the matter now?" I asked.

'"That unutterable little fool de

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Blavincourt has walked into Germany with a large scale-map in his hand, showing every H.Q. mess and billet." He tapped a dispatch from the forward battalion.

'De Blavincourt, it appeared, had been at work all the morning evacuating unfortunate civilians from the cellars. At noon or thereabouts he sidled along the wall, past a Lewis gun detachment that was holding the street. The corporal shouted a warning, but de Blavincourt sidled on, saying that he was only going to the first house round the corner to rescue some old women he heard were in it. And that was the last of him. Seeing that the Boche opened fire from the said house seven minutes later his fate was obvious.

'It was also obvious what our fate would be if we continued in those marked billets, so we moved out, bag and baggage into a sunken road near by and spent the night there in the rain and muck, and were most uncomfortable. What puzzled us rather was that the Hun did not shell our old billets that night — that is, nothing out of the ordinary. "But that's only his cunning," we consoled ourselves; "he knows we know he knows and he's trying to lure us back. Ah, no, old friend."

'So we camped miserably on in that sunken sewer. He dropped a lucky one through a barn the same afternoon and lobbed a few wides over during the next night, but again nothing out of the ordinary.

'We were more and more puzzled. Then, just about breakfast-time on the second morning, in walks de Blavincourt himself, green as to the complexion and wounded in the arm, but otherwise intact. I leaped upon him, snarling, "Where's that map?"

'"I got 'im, Sir," he gulped, "safe" (gulp).

'This was his story. He had remembered the corporal shouting something, but so intent on his work was he that he hardly noticed the warning until suddenly, to his horror, he perceived a party of Huns creeping out of a passage *behind him*. He was cut off! They had not seen him for the moment, so quick as thought he slipped into the nearest house, turned into a front room — a sort of parlor place — and crouched there, wondering what to do.

'He was not left wondering long, for the Boches followed him into that very house. There was a small table in one corner covered with a large cloth. Under this de Blavincourt dived, and not a second too soon, for the Boches — seven of them — followed him into that very room, and, setting up their machine gun at the window, commenced to pop off down the street. Charming state of affairs for little de Blavincourt — alone and unarmed in a room full of bristling Huns with that fatal map in his possession.

'Sweating all over he eased the map out of his pocket and slowly and silently commenced to eat it.

'You know what those things are like. A yard square of tough paper backed by indestructible calico — one might as well try to devour a child's rag book.

'Anyhow that's what de Blavincourt did. He ate it, and it took him forty hours to do the trick. For forty hours day and night he squatted under that table, with the Huns sitting upon and around it, and gnawed away at that square yard of calico.

'Just before the dawn of the third day he gulped the last corner down and peeped out under the tablecloth. The Boche on guard was oiling the lock of the machine gun. Two more he could hear in the kitchen clattering pots about. The remaining four were

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asleep, grotesquely sprawled over sofas and chairs.

'De Blavincourt determined to chance it. He could not stop under the table forever, and even at the worst that map, that precious map, was out of harm's way. He crept stealthily from his hiding place, dealt the kneeling Boche a terrific kick in the small of the back, dived headlong out of the window and galloped down the street toward our Lewis gunners, squealing, "*Friend Ros'bif! Not 'arf!*"—which, in spite of his three years of interpreting, was all the English he could muster at the moment. The Huns emptied their automatics after him, but only one bullet found the target, and that an outer.

'"I weesh it vos t'rough my 'eart," he told me later, tears rolling down his cheeks. "Vot more use to me my life, hein? My stomach she is forever ruin."'

The General laughed. 'Stout fellow for a' that.'

'I grant you,' said the Brigadier, 'but a fellow should be stout along accepted lines. "To Lieutenant Felix Marcel, Comte de Blavincourt, the Military Cross for eating his map." No, Sir, it can't be done.'

The Horse-master, who was helping himself to old tawny, nodded vigorously and muttered 'No, by Jove, it can't.'

'You speak with feeling, Coper,' remarked the General.

'I do, Sir. I sat up the best part of three nights last March trying to write for official consumption the story of a fellow who seemed to me to qualify for the "Stout" class. It was a washout, though; too absurd.'

'Well, give the port a fair wind and let's have the absurdity now,' said the General.

The Horse-master bowed to the command.

'I was with the Fifth Army last year when the wave swept us. We were fairly swamped for the moment and all nohow. One evening, retreating on my own line, I came upon some little village — can't remember the name just now, but you know the sort of thing — typical Somme hamlet, a smear of brick-dust with a big notice-board on top, saying, "This is Le Sars" or "Pozières," or whatever its name was. Anyway, in this village I found a Divisional H.Q., four Brigade H.Q.'s, and oddities of all sorts sitting one on top of t'other waiting for the next thing to happen. The next thing was a single wounded lancer who happened in about four in the morning with the glad tidings that Boche tanks were advancing on us. Questioned further he admitted that he had only actually seen one and that in the dark. But it was the great-grandfather of all tanks, according to the chap; it stood twenty foot high, it "roared and rumbled" in its career, and it careered by steam.

'It was n't any manner of use assuring him that there was n't a steam tank on anybody's front. He said there was, and we could n't move him.

'"I saw steam coming from it in clouds," he mumbled, "and sparks and smoke." Then he crumpled slowly on the floor, fast asleep.

'The Divisional General was properly mystified.

'"If only I had a single field gun or even some gelignite," he groaned; then turning to me, "I must get the strength of this; it may be some new frightfulness the Hun is springing. You're an old horse-soldier, I believe? Well, jump on your gee and go scout the thing, will you?"

'I scratched together a rag and bobtail patrol of grooms and pushed off just before daybreak. Our people had the edge of the village manned with every rifle they could collect. A

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subaltern lying ear to earth hailed me as I passed. "It's coming," he called.

'A quarter of a mile further on I could hear the roaring and rumbling myself without lying on the road.

'Light was breaking fast, but there were wisps and shreds of fog blowing about which made observation exceedingly difficult. Still, observation I was out to get, so, spreading my bobbery pack, I worked closer and closer. Suddenly one of my patrol shrilled, "There y'are, Sir!" and I saw a monstrous shape loom for a moment through a thinning of mist, and rock onward into obscurity again.

'"It's an armored car. I seed wheels under it," gasped one groom. "More like a blasted Dreadnought," grunted another. "Cheer-o, chaps, the 'Un fleet 'as come out." But nobody laughed or felt like laughing; this mysterious monster, thundering westward wrapped in its barrage of fog, was getting on our nerves.'

The Horse-master paused and carefully removed the long ash from his cigar.

'Then the mists rolled up and revealed what I at first took to be a walking R.E. dump; but secondly discovered to be a common ordinary domestic British steam-roller with "Lincoln Urban District Council" in dirty white lettering upon its fuel box, a mountain of duck-boards stacked on the cab roof, railway sleepers, riveting stakes, and odds and ends of lumber tied on all over it. As I rode up an elderly head, grimy and perspiring, was thrust between a couple of duck-boards, and nodded pleasantly to me. "'Ello," it said, "seen anythin' o' the lads?"

'I was too dumbfounded to say anything excepting that the lads were in the next village waiting for him.

'"Ah'm right glad o' that," said he; "been feeling a bit lonesome-like these last two days"; adding, in case I might not appreciate the situation, "These yer Germans 'ave been after me, you know, Sir."

'I replied that my only wonder was that they had not captured him long since.

'"Very nearly did once or twice," he admitted, and wagged his elderly head; "but t'owd lass is a great one to travel when she's sweet, an' ah've 'ad a lot o' luck pickin' oop these bits o' firin' along the road"; and he jammed a bunch of riveting stakes into the furnace.

"Oh, ah reckon we're just keepin' ahead of 'em. Well, best be gettin' along now, s'pose. Good day to you, Sir."

'He wrenched at a lever and "t'owd lass" rumbled off down the highway toward Albert, rearguard of His Britannic Majesty's Armies in the Field.'

Punch

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MODERN ART CRITICISM: A PROTEST

BY THE HONORABLE JOHN COLLIER

AMIDST much that is chaotic and more that is incomprehensible in modern art criticism, one phrase which has a more or less definite meaning is continually recurring. The artist is ever being warned against the deadly sin of 'representation.' The context generally shows clearly enough that the representation that is thus tabooed is the faithful rendering of Nature. The artist may represent himself or he may misrepresent Nature as much as he likes, but he must never, never depict her as she appears to the ordinary sane man. If he does, he is accused of being photographic — which is held to be a self-evident term of condemnation. Now why a painting should not be photographic, I have never been able to understand. Many of the photographs that I see are much better in every way than many of the pictures. It is only the exceptionally good pictures that outclass the photographs — and good pictures are rare, whereas, good photographs are fairly common. Here, of course, I shall be met by the question 'If your contention is right, why have pictures at all?' I think, if the modern artist has his way, we shall all be asking that question soon. But until he has his way there will still be a fair number of pictures which will excel photographs in truth to Nature as well as in other qualities.

The weakness of the photograph is that it is not true enough to Nature. In color photography, the coloring is often very untrue. Even in black and white, the values are imperfectly given. Also there is a certain amount of distortion of form owing to the use of a lens — only pin-hole photography can escape this error. So that even in truth to Nature the artist can improve on the photograph. Then there is the question of selection and arrangement. A good photograph is generally the result of very careful selection, and this gives it its artistic qualities. But the artist has a much wider range; he can select and modify in a way that is impossible to his rival. In fact, the artist has so many advantages that it is very much to his discredit that the photographer often runs him so close. It would be much better if instead of sneering at photography the artist tried to learn from it. It could give him many valuable lessons.

But to return to the question of 'representation.' This doctrine of its essential sinfulness is a purely modern invention. It was quite unknown to the great masters of painting, nor did any of the older critics have an inkling of it. You will find painters who discoursed upon their art, such as Leonardo da Vinci and Sir Joshua Reynolds, continually insisting on the difficulty of truly representing Nature and giving most elaborate rules for the overcoming of this difficulty. It never seems to have occurred to them that this representation of Nature was the one thing that every artist ought to avoid. Ruskin, too, founds his defense of Turner on the extraordinary truth to Nature of even his most fantastic imaginings, and descants at great length on the forms of clouds and trees

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and mountains and how accurately Turner studied them — which, of course, to the modern critic would be merely a proof of how essentially inartistic Turner was. In fact, up to recent years, it was always assumed in the discussion of painting that truth to Nature was a good thing and could only be attained by persevering study.

It is hardly necessary to labor this point, but here are a few quotations taken from that interesting work *The Mind of the Artist* by Mrs. Laurence Binyon:

In my judgment, that is the excellent and divine painting which is most like and best imitates any work of immortal God, whether a human figure, or a wild and strange animal, or a simple and easy fish, or a bird of the air, or any other creature. — MICHAEL ANGELO.

To paint is to be able to portray upon a flat surface any visible thing whatsoever that may be chosen. — DURER.

I remember Durer the painter, who used to say that as a young man he loved extraordinary and unusual designs in painting, but that in his old age he took to examining Nature, and strove to imitate her as closely as he possibly could; but he found by experience how hard it is not to deviate from her. — MELANCHTHON.

The first object of a painter is to make a simple flat surface appear like a relievo, and some of its parts detached from the ground; he who excels all others in that part of the art deserves the greatest praise. — LEONARDO.

I have heard painters acknowledge that they could do better without Nature than with her; or as they expressed it themselves, that it only put them out. A painter with such ideas and such habits is indeed in a most hopeless state.—REYNOLDS.

Even the Japanese, whom the modern critics profess to admire, seem to be on my side; for instance:

A painting which is not a faithful copy of Nature has neither beauty nor is worthy of the name. — SHIBA KOKAN.

Without the true depiction of objects there can be no pictorial art. Nobility of sentiment and such like only come after the successful delineation of the external forms of an object. — OKIO (eighteenth century).

One interesting consequence of the new doctrine is that all the training which used to be considered necessary for the complete artist should at once be given up. The teaching of every school of art has always been directed to the truthful rendering of the forms of Nature; indeed, with regard to coloring and modeling and light and shade, the object of all school training is that the student should be able to reproduce what is set before him. Obviously, in the light of the new theory, all this training is not only unnecessary, it is even mischievous. It is all directed to enable the student to represent Nature rather than himself and his imaginings. Of course the old system may be wrong. Certainly most of the new art seems to owe nothing whatever to training, but it is difficult to believe that painting is so entirely unlike every other art that the less trained you are, the better you do it.

So complete is the divorce between the new theory and the old ideas that it is obvious that what used to be called bad drawing and bad coloring are an absolute recommendation in a modern picture. The worse the drawing and coloring, the less will the picture represent Nature, and that in itself is good. Again, the bad drawing and the bad coloring are certainly representative of the artist. They are his own choice. The worse they are (from the old point of view), the more they diverge from Nature, the more characteristic are they of the painter. For unless his picture is merely a joke (I think this must sometimes be the case), the abnormal drawing and coloring must seem right to him. Indeed, they are the result of his own abnormalities. They are like the personal equation of the astronomer, the error which is peculiar to the individual. The old-fashioned training was directed

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to correct these abnormalities. Obviously the modern artist must shun it like poison.

Oddly enough, a good many artists and critics (not of course the most advanced) are still very polite to the old masters. Their scorn is reserved for the modern painters who humbly endeavor to pursue the old way which has produced so many masterpieces. It may be objected that the old masters were all very well, but that it is dull work going on imitating them; that unless we can have something new, it is hardly worth while to paint pictures. This is plausible, but I have one or two objections to make. In the first place, it is of no use to have something new unless it is good. It is easy enough to paint differently from the old masters by producing pictures that they would have merely jeered at. In the second place, imitating their methods is not imitating their pictures. If we only go to Nature, there is an inexhaustible variety of subject which is ever so much better than a mere variety of method. That to my mind is one of the great advantages of an intelligent realism. Nature is infinitely diverse; much more so than the crude imaginings of untrained artists. Can anything be more monotonous than a Cubist exhibition?

This reliance on new methods is like inventing a new language in order to give variety to one's writing. It is quite possible for an author to be original even if he does write good ordinary English. It is really not necessary for him to write in slang or gibberish in order to avoid monotony.

Of course, our great stumbling block is that painting, unlike almost every other branch of human activity, has not progressed. Better things have been done in art in the past than are being done now. It certainly seems a disheartening position for the modern painter, but there is no sense in simply running wild and breaking away from all the traditions of a finer art than our own. The old painters built up their mastery by a gradual evolution from the art of their predecessors. There was no breaking loose. They learned what they could and then endeavored to improve on their teachers. They also had a very wholesome respect for Nature and they did not despise their public.

I think it is obvious that the boasted originality of the extreme forms of modern art is chiefly an originality of method. The staple of modern as of ancient art is the depicting of men and women. The sort of novelty that is aimed at seems to be obtained by painting flesh either green or purple or mud color, in fact, anything but the color of flesh, and by similarly distorting the forms, or as the Futurists affect, by cutting up the features into little pieces and dotting them about the canvas. There is no novelty of subject or of imagination in this — it is merely a change of method. Of course, as painting has been practised for so many centuries, it is not easy to invent a new method, but the difficulty can be got over by adopting one so extraordinarily bad that hitherto no painter has thought of using it.

In the early days of the new movement, there was an invention called the decomposition of color. This was supposed to be scientific, and was founded on an erroneous idea of the nature of color vision. The old notion that red, yellow, and blue were the three primary colors (which they are not) gave rise to the brilliant idea that all mixed tints could be represented on canvas by blobs of these colors in juxtaposition. It is true that many of the tints of Nature can be reproduced in this way. It is indeed the basis of the Lumière system of three-color

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photography. But there remain a good many tints which cannot be so reproduced, and at the best, it is but a clumsy and imperfect method of rendering the colors of Nature, which can be much better matched by the aid of a full palette and the ordinary mixture of pigments. This system afterwards developed into 'pointillism,' in which form and color were still represented by dots of paint, but the pigments were more varied and the dots were smaller and less aggressive. This was quite a possible method, as at a certain distance the dots were merged by the eye into a continuous whole, and in the hands of a very able artist like Henri Martin, the result (from far enough off) resembled fairly well an ordinary painting. Only of course it was a very troublesome and lengthy process, and nothing was gained by it except novelty and a certain admiring surprise on the part of the spectator that good results could be achieved by so strange a method. And then there were further developments such as 'vibrism' and 'luminism.' But I will not dwell upon these. They none of them lasted. The new movements seldom do last; their merits consisting entirely in novelty, once the novelty is past, only the inconvenience remains.

It is difficult to gather what is the essence of Post-Impressionism but, to judge from the cryptic utterances of its protagonists, it is also an affair of method. Was there not something said about drawing a line round reality? — whatever that may mean. As far as I can judge, the method seems to be to make all human beings uglier and more degraded than they ever are in Nature, to represent landscapes as a chaos of violent colors and generally (according to old-fashioned standards) to draw as badly and to paint as crudely as the most vitiated taste can suggest. There is one point, however, in which Post-Impressionism goes beyond a mere change of method. In many of the pictures of the school there is a subtle suggestion of unwholesomeness, of depravity, which certainly gives them some claim to imaginative novelty. This particular note has hardly been struck in art before.

'Cubism' and 'Futurism' are comparatively wholesome. They are so meaningless that they are quite free from any unpleasant suggestion. 'Futurism' pretends to have a most elaborate system of ideas behind it, but as its exponents have never succeeded in making these ideas in the least intelligible either in print or in paint, we can class it with 'Cubism' as merely a silly method which, like other pictorial vagaries, will lose its vogue as soon as its novelty is past.

Toward the middle of the nineteenth century, art in Great Britain was in a very bad way. It was being stifled by convention. Its technique was sound enough, being founded on an old tradition, but, as in the similar case of the seventeenth-century Italians, this technique was used by the Early Victorian artists to produce purely imitative pictures (imitative, that is, of other pictures, not of Nature) with no real feeling or observation behind them. Of course, there were some notable exceptions such as Turner, but as a rule the school was singularly dull and lifeless.

Then arose a movement which had an extraordinarily vivifying effect upon British art. This was the absurdly named Pre-Raphaelite movement, the essence of which in the hands of its founders, Millais and Holman Hunt, was a cry of 'Back to Nature.' To them, Nature could not be too accurately or too minutely depicted. Nothing was to be scamped, nothing suppressed, and the colors of Nature,

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instead of being toned down or modified, as was the contemporary practice, were to be represented as truly and as brilliantly as was humanly possible. This involved an immense amount of labor and of study straight from Nature, but it would be difficult to maintain, in the face of masterpieces such as the *Ophelia* of Millais and the *Hireling Shepherd* of Holman Hunt, that the labor was thrown away. Both Millais and Hunt in later years fell away from this ardent and *naïf* study of Nature, to the great detriment of their art, but their early work is a glory of the British school, and had a most wholesome influence on their contemporaries.

Is it impossible to start now a similar movement? I have a faint hope that one of the little compensations for the immense evil of the war may be a return to sanity in matters of art. Many of the younger artists and art critics went to the front; war is a hard school and would seem to be incompatible with morbid æstheticism. The contrast with grim realities will surely, one would think, knock that sort of nonsense out of them. Such, at least, is my hope; but I must confess that so far there is but little evidence of any reaction in favor of sanity in art. What evidence there is, is rather in the other direction. But I do not despair; I have a vision of the pictures and sculpture of the future being painted and modeled by sound and wholesome men and women, to be looked at and appreciated by other sound and wholesome people. If the neurotics wish to produce art for their own kind, of course they can do so, but I trust that they may be in a negligible minority. I even hope that the critics may come to realize that the individual painter is a poor thing compared with the world that he is feebly endeavoring to portray, and that the more Nature shines through the fabric of his art, and the less he intrudes his little personality, the better.

This is my plea, that like the Pre-Raphaelites we should again go back to Nature; I believe that there lies our hope of artistic salvation.

Let us learn our methods from the old masters; they must have had good methods or they could not have produced such good pictures. Let us work hard to correct our abnormalities, not to encourage them, and let us devote our energies to learning the very difficult art of representing with accuracy the forms and colors of the world around us. When we have acquired in this a certain facility, let us go to Nature for our subjects and our inspiration: her boundless variety will give us all the originality that we need.

I hope that this may happen — all things are possible now that the war is over — but I am not really very sanguine about it. The evil is so deep-rooted that even the greatest event in the history of the world may not affect it; but of this I am firmly convinced — that unless some such change of heart occurs, art will die. No art can live which ignores the wholesome tastes of the great public and which only appeals to artists and critics and their hangers-on. After all, there are many more important things in modern life than art. Artists have to justify their existence in a world of workers. If they fail to do so, no doubt some useful employment can be found for them. It is better to be a good hewer of wood or drawer of water than a bad artist.

The Nineteenth Century and After

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ECONOMICS, TRADE, AND FINANCE

THE CONDITION OF ENGLAND

It is now five months since the armistice was signed. There has been time to look round — time, one would say, for some of that reconstruction of which we heard so much while the war was going on. How, then, do we actually stand? We do not for the moment speak of peace, as to which the one thing that we all know is that we know nothing. Nor do we speak of the condition of Europe, of which what we all know is that it is bad, has been growing rapidly worse, and if peace is not rapidly settled will soon reach the worst that can well be imagined. We ask attention for the moment to the condition of our own victorious and relatively secure country. Here, after five months of the armistice which put an end to active operations in the war to end war, a Conscription Bill has just passed the House of Commons. The revenue returns for the year have been issued, and show that £889,000,000 were raised in taxation, against an expenditure of £2,579,000,000, or a little more than one third of the whole. This expenditure, though hostilities ended in November, came within £120,000,000 of the total expenditure for the previous twelve months. Nor is much respite from taxation promised in the near future. Completeness of victory has so far done nothing to reduce Army Estimates or Navy Estimates or Air Force Estimates. The Air Force alone is to account for an expenditure comparable with that of army and navy together in old days. Taxation must continue, in the aggregate at least, at its present height. If the excess profits tax is reduced, so much the more must go on to incomes, and still we shall have to borrow. There can be no talk of making ends meet until politicians are compelled to learn the rudiments of economy. The visitor to any of the older Government offices observes above the chimney-piece a pathetic printed notice requesting the occupant not to make up the fire after 3 P.M. unless he intends to stay beyond 5 P.M. Pathetic in its haunting reminiscence of the careful soul of Gladstone and the days when men saved the pence of the public and counted it a gain. We wonder if that notice has found its way into any of the bungalows that now cover the precincts of Whitehall. Such is not the spirit of these times.

When all is said, taxation is far from the worst of evils. The nation could bear it if employment were good and money were being earned. But over 900,000 persons are officially recorded as unemployed, and yet on all sides work is stopped for want of skilled or even unskilled hands. A great section of the cotton trade has just decided on a fortnight's stoppage in the interest of the industry and at the expense of the public. At the same time the householder, having read the figures of unemployment, wants a job done about his house and finds it impossible for lack of labor. Even when the labor is available prices are so high that he cuts his requirements to the minimum. The professional man with a stationary income finds himself paying away, say, a fourth part in taxation, while the remaining three fourths are halved in value. Meanwhile, he is contributing to a subsidy of £60,000,000 to farmers and landlords at home and abroad, while cheaper wheat is stocked in the

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Argentine or being sent to more fortunate countries. In fine, the burden of taxation, while not less heavy this year, will press on a relatively impoverished people, and will be borne the less cheerfully, first, because the effort that necessitated it is over and, secondly, because it is seen to be due in large part to waste and to the mismanagement of public affairs. It is time that a remedy be found. As things are we go from bad to worse. The high prices are stereotyping themselves by causing proportional increases of wages, and the agitation by which these increases are secured keeps the industrial world in permanent unrest and maintains a feeling of insecurity which is fatal to enterprise. We move in a vicious circle — political unsettlement, continued military preparations, with much administrative waste, swollen taxation, continued borrowing, inflated prices, industrial stagnation, and labor unrest bringing us back to the political trouble again. What can be done here and now to break the circle and restore the normal working of social life?

The first thing that might be done, without waiting on the endless delays of Paris, would be to give us back a taste of freedom. Officialism has got so firmly into the saddle that it sincerely believes itself to be a capable rider. People in Whitehall, just as in the days of Cobden, suppose themselves to know better than we do ourselves what it is good for us to export and import, to whom we ought to sell and from whom we ought to buy. It should be at once laid down that there should be no more restrictions except for saving of tonnage, the original cause of the restrictive machinery. The shortage of tonnage must, in point of fact, have been very largely relieved since the armistice by the continued delivery of new ships, by the cessation of all the loss of time due to the convoy system, and now by the addition of the German mercantile fleet. Still, it would be fair to make a list of superfluities, such as touring cars, for continued exclusion for the time being, while apart from this list, which should be short, the oversea trade, export and import, should be set free without more ado. The dislocation of prices must come, and the sooner it is faced the sooner it will be over. As a part of the same process the blockade should be raised. It is monstrous that not only enemy countries, but neutrals contiguous to them should still be prohibited from buying and selling five months after hostilities have ceased, and we are suffering from the prohibition only one degree less than they. The next step is to face the question of governmental waste. What is being done as to running contracts? Is it true, for instance, that coal, metals, and other materials, things for which the industrialist and the householder are alike crying out, are being used in the production of aeroplanes which our pilots would have been only too glad to have had last October, but which are now stacked in sheds which will barely hold them? There should be independent House of Commons Committees to go separately into the working of each department and test the allegations which are freely made of superfluous and useless expenditure, industrial or administrative. These are things that could be done without waiting upon Versailles. But behind it all lies the problem of peace. The fundamental trouble is unsettlement and insecurity, and there will be no return of security till peace is settled on a fair basis which will give all the nations room to live, turn their minds away alike from aggressions and revenge, and dispose them to cooperate in a genuine league. The raising of the blockade would be an

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earnest of such a peace as well as a partial relief, but the peace itself is what the world wants, and it must be a peace which will include Russia as well as Germany. We know the difficulties, and we would rather our statesmen should fight a bad peace at the cost of the delays which we deplore than give way to conditions which would spell the permanence of European militarism. But we would have them use internal conditions, economic and political, as their clinching argument for doing the right thing now. Let them describe how things are going here, and let them ask the representatives of other countries if things are any better with them and if they expect things to get better by delay. Everyone knows that what is a question of months with us is a question of weeks on the Continent, and, in some parts, perhaps a question of days. It is time for the statesmen to make an end—that end which allows the peaceful citizen to make a beginning.

The Manchester Guardian

THE RECONSTRUCTION OF FRANCE

BY ROBERT LE SAGE

Among the urgent and diverse tasks with which we are face to face at the present hour, that one which towers above all, is the industrial reconstruction of the regions devastated by the invasion. Neither in the high places of the government nor among the public at large, is sufficient attention being paid this matter. One hears the devastations committed in the north of France spoken of as one of the many events of the war,—as a mere incident,—disastrous and formidable, without doubt, but after all only an incident. When the question of reparation is in the air, hearers appear to believe that it is a matter of giving help to the unfortunate, a matter for fraternal charity. And since charity begins at home only too often, help is brought but listlessly.

This fact must be thoroughly understood; the industrial reconstruction of the north of France is not only an imperative duty, it is also, for the entire country, a vital necessity. The future prosperity of France chiefly depends upon this very matter. If this reconstruction is not carried out rapidly; if we do not put to its service all our energy; if we allow weeks, months, or even years to pass in inertia, before the invaded regions shall have become what they were in 1914, we shall not be the winners of the war, but rather the conquered and the victims: France of the future will be but a little agricultural power crushed with debts which it has no means of paying and having neither industry, exportations, nor means of economic exchange.

If, on the contrary, we hasten our reconstruction in the north, our return to economic health will be hastened and we shall even be able to take a greater place in the world. We shall have again methods of production, we shall be able to sell within the country, to export, and to struggle on an equal footing with other nations for the markets of the world.

We must choose: Is it to be anæmia and ruin? Or prosperity and expansion, which is the legitimate right of a conqueror?

And having thus chosen, it is necessary to act and to act swiftly. A programme is ready for us.

Germany must restore everything and pay.

First of all, she must restore all that material which she requisitioned, and she must replace that material by a like material, whenever she can.

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We shall see, by a simple example, how greatly the payment in material, of requisitioned products, is desirable.

Here is a distillery which has suffered two millions of damages through the theft of material. The enemy requisitioned there 20,000 hectolitres of alcohol.

Germany can restore that alcohol. She produces it abundantly. By obtaining this restitution and by substituting itself for the owner of the damaged factory, the State can realize from the present plus-value of the 20,000 hectos, a profit which will be quite large enough to indemnify the owner for all the damages which he has suffered.

There are a great many parallel cases.

This done, Germany must pay the bill for all damages done private property in France and in Belgium. This creditorship should be a privileged one. It is inconceivable that this privilege should be refused either France or Belgium.

This, too, should be rapidly liquidated. Time lost is never found again. The recovery of the devastated countries should not be delayed by the slow movement of governments. Let the Society of Nations organize itself for forcing Germany to pay her bills.

In spite of the regrettable lack of attention which we have mentioned, we are glad to say that we are not the only ones to recognize and to be struck by the urgency and by the importance of the vital question of the reconstruction of the industrial north. Voices more powerful than our own have drawn to this matter the attention of the public powers. Several deputies have carried the matter to the tribune and have employed their vehement eloquence in its favor. Certain projectors of international organization have been drawn up, some practically adopted. Each scheme contains certain excellent elements, and a little active goodwill can adjust these schemes to the needs of the day. M. Stern, on one side, and M. Bouilloux-Lafont, on the other, have advanced some particularly interesting suggestions. With these as a foundation, a programme of useful action can be built. If it is permitted to us to bring a modest stone to the edifice, here is an outline which we would like to see carried out.

The creation of a financial office of four powers representing financially France, Great Britain, the United States, and Italy; each one of these States to be represented by one delegate, and one only, and the four delegates should sit in permanence in Paris.

This office should be an organism having full power to regulate all the financial questions between the powers and Germany. Its decisions should be unanimous.

Its duties would be the following:

(*a*) It would receive and bank all the sums received from Germany.

(*b*) It would divide among all the Allies the payments received from Germany.

(*c*) Without waiting for the beginning of these payments, it would study at once the means of procuring for northern France and Belgium the sums necessary for their reconstruction.

These sums could be had in the following manner: (1) The issue in four countries (France, Great Britain, United States, and Italy) of bonds guaranteed by these four countries having an interest and a capital based on a fixed rate of exchange.

(2) This loan to be issued at the same date in all the four countries.

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(3) It should be issued free from all tax.

(4) It should be inconvertible for ten years, but re-payable beginning in 1930.

This might be called the guaranteed loan of the four powers.

The product of this loan might be centralized by a financial office of the four powers, which would divide it between Belgium and the ruined French departments. This division could be progressively effected.

Thanks to this combination, it would be possible to procure without delay the sums necessary for the reconstruction of the devastated regions.

Such are the larger lines of a project which is perhaps not perfected, but which is conceived, we hope, in a practical spirit, and is worthy of being examined by financial specialists. At any rate, whatever be the method adopted, a programme must be undertaken and put into action without delay. We are on the verge of a commercial and industrial crisis which may have the gravest consequences, if swift and judicious measures are not taken to preserve us.

L'Opinion

LANCASHIRE: THE STUDY OF A TRADE AND A COUNTY

THE past three months in the Lancashire cotton trade has been one of the worst periods in the history of the industry. Business has been almost at a standstill, and producers in both spinning and weaving sections have steadily lost ground. Prices for manufactured articles, quite irrespective of changes in raw cotton, have fallen from week to week, and the conditions now prevailing are very different from the position of affairs which existed last autumn. The chief reasons for the depression have been the lack of confidence in prices as a result of a falling market, the disorganization of the cable service between Manchester and Eastern markets, which has made business negotiations very difficult, and the restriction upon exports to neutral countries in Europe.

There has been a considerable fall in American cotton prices during the quarter. On January 3d good middling Texas descriptions on the spot in Liverpool were quoted at 22.04*d*. A slump in values at once occurred, and by the end of the month the rate was 17.66*d*. Many fluctuations in prices took place during February, but on balance there was not much alteration, and on the 28th the quotation was 18.00*d*. At the beginning of March there was a further drop in values, and on the 12th the rate was 15.40*d*. A hardening tendency then set in, and on the 24th 16.70*d*. was registered, and the month closed with the figure at 16.80*d*. A stronger feeling has prevailed during the last few days, and the latest price reported was 18.02*d*. Trade in the raw material has been at a low ebb, limited operations having occurred both in futures and on the spot. Some improvement has taken place in imports from the United States, but the stock in Liverpool is still comparatively small. There has not been much change in the ideas of authorities as to the extent of the American crop for the season ending next July, and it is anticipated that the yield will be about 13,000,000 bales. Increased interest is now being taken in the prospects for next season in the States. A strong agitation is reported among farmers in favor of restricting the acreage, and growers are being asked to only plant two thirds of the area of 12 months ago. It is not anticipated that the reduction will be of such a marked character, but according to some recent advices there

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is a possibility of the acreage being smaller to the extent of about 15 per cent. Many things may happen, however, during the next few weeks, and a good deal depends upon the course of prices not only of cotton, but also of cereals. Stocks in the United States are heavy, but it is expected that when peace is signed there will be a big movement to European countries. With regard to Egyptian cotton, both prices and supplies are entirely in the hands of the government, and it is not intended to de-control until after the end of the current season ending July. On January 3d fully good fair Sakellaridis on the spot in Liverpool was at 27.30*d*, and the quotation now is 26.59*d*. Some of the regulations relating to trading have been removed, and buying and selling can now take place freely. The area under cultivation this season has been restricted by the government, but planters for next year will have a free hand, and there seems to be every probability of a large acreage. It is feared, however, that when the government control of prices is abandoned there will be a substantial decline in values, as rates at the moment are undoubtedly dear compared with prices in the American staple.

It has been a wretched three months for manufacturers of cloth. Owing to the shortage of orders a large amount of machinery has had to be stopped, and unemployment in weaving districts is on a considerable scale.

The following is a comparative table of shipments of cotton piece goods for the past three years, from which it will be seen that in our export trade there has been a very serious decline:

THREE MONTHS ENDED MARCH 31

	Yards.
1917	1,273,936,300
1918	1,066,589,500
1919	647,575,900

So far this year on last there has been some improvement in the takings of Denmark, Switzerland, Belgium, Greece, and the Netherlands; but the shipments to India, Egypt, China, the Straits Settlements, and British South Africa have shown a distinct falling off.

The depression in the cloth section has been largely due to the lack of business for India, our chief outlet. Week after week no offers of a workable nature have been received, and makers who cater for that market have been compelled to stop looms or work short time. This inactivity for our Dependency seems to be partly due to the unsatisfactory monsoon last season. During the last few weeks there has been a revival of buying for China in a wide range of goods, but the business done has not been sufficient to strengthen the position of manufacturers very much. Conditions in Shanghai, however, and in the country districts, are said to be distinctly better than for a long time back, and as stocks are low merchants have been more disposed to replenish supplies. Not more than a miscellaneous trade has been done for the smaller Far Eastern outlets and for Egypt and South America. Unemployment in North and Northeast Lancashire has been rampant, this sort of thing being most pronounced in such towns as Burnley, Blackburn, Preston, Nelson, and Colne. Home trade buyers have purchased very sparingly. The conditions met with generally have not been surprising, in view of the fact that trade is always slack in a falling market.

The absence of demand in all kinds of yarn has been very marked, and spinners have found it quite impossible to clear the production of the mills, with the result that stocks in first hands have recently increased at a rather alarming rate. Now and again sellers, in order to obtain relief, have

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slaughtered stocks at most deplorable figures. With so many looms stopped the consumption of twist and weft has been very seriously reduced, and the output has been much more than equal to the requirements of users. Six months ago spinners enjoyed a margin of profit which can only be described as extraordinary, but business has recently been done at a definite loss. In both American and Egyptian qualities for home use buyers have only been prepared to purchase small lots to meet urgent wants, there being no anticipation of future requirements. Export demand has also been poor.

The following is a comparative table of our shipments of yarn for the past three years:

THREE MONTHS ENDED MARCH 31

	Lbs.
1917.....	34,817,000
1918.....	24,713,300
1919	32,074,200

So far this year on last we have sent rather more freely to France, Switzerland, Denmark, and the Netherlands, with a decline in the takings of the United States, India, and Egypt.

Owing to the severe depression in spinning, a special meeting was held in Manchester about a fortnight ago to consider the state of trade at which the employers and trade unions were represented. After considerable discussion it was decided to recommend owners of mills spinning American cotton to close down from April 10th to 28th, this being an extra stoppage of 14 working days. All firms have fallen into line, and the decision has been put into effect very thoroughly. Arrangements have been made for the operatives to receive unemployment benefits under the Government donation scheme, and it is anticipated that this drastic restriction of output will bring relief and enable producers of yarn to clear stocks. If the present arrangement does not have the desired effect, then production will be curtailed to a greater extent. The operatives have raised the question of hours of work in the mills. An application was made several weeks ago for a reduction from 55 1-2 hours to 44 hours per week, with an advance in wages to make up for the loss of earnings as a result of a shorter week. The masters replied by making an offer to reduce hours to 49 1-2 a week, but without any rise in wages. This proposal has been considered by the trade unions, and rejected. Further negotiations, however, are taking place, and it is expected in trade circles that an amicable settlement will be arranged before very long.

It is satisfactory to be able to state that since the beginning of this month there has been a distinct change for the better in the Manchester market. Probably the decision to curtail the production of yarn on an extensive scale has had some effect upon the attitude of buyers. A feature of interest has been a revival of buying in piece goods for India, substantial contracts having been arranged in light fabrics. Demand for China has tended to increase, and a larger business has been offering for several minor outlets. Although manufacturers are rather slow to start looms again, there seems to be a possibility of unemployment decreasing at an early date. Confidence in prices is being restored, and it is believed in many quarters that the bottom in values has been touched. It remains to be seen whether this improvement will be maintained, and probably a good deal depends, as to future trade, upon an early peace and a removal of the numerous restrictions which have hampered traders throughout the war.

The Economist

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TALK OF EUROPE

ACCORDING to the Paris *Illustration* of April 12th, France is being treated to one of those publicity 'campaigns' which have become such a feature of our American life. A committee of the American Red Cross has undertaken the task of lowering the rate of infant mortality and of spreading broadcast the new ideas regarding child welfare. '*Selon la mode Americaine*,' the journal goes on to say, 'at once spectacular and clamorous, an automobile tour was organized. The committee toured the countryside, arranged traveling expositions in such spaces as were to be had, in town halls, schools, sheds, and even barns. At Lyons, Toulouse, Marseilles, and St. Etienne were to be found permanent expositions.' Moreover a children's bureau has been founded which is undertaking the physical examination of those of school age.

A page of campaign posters illustrates the text, and serves to illustrate not only the extraordinary adaptability of the American 'campaign' idea to our great democracies, but also the quickness with which the French took hold of it. The posters are apparently the work of French artists. There is a baby standing up in the heart of a green cabbage, who points to the legend, 'We want to live: help us'; there is a booklet for future *mamans* showing a strapping peasant girl, with a basket of babies in one hand and in the other a winged child held as if it were a fowl intended for the market; there is a file of children carrying placards under the title 'The Claims of the Babies.'

The campaign evidently began by taking the attention of the French, but not their respect or allegiance. The reader of the article receives the impression that France has given serious thought to these *methodes Americaines* in spite of herself. The 'campaign' ought to be an overwhelming success, for the present condition of the French birth rate, to use M. Barres's own words, is 'terrifying.' And civilization will not be itself unless it includes a flourishing France.

RESTORATION or ruin? The *Annales* has sent to eminent Frenchmen a circular asking what should be done with the Cathedral of Rheims. The Archbishop of the city, the venerable Cardinal Lucon, is decidedly in favor of restoration. He points out that the cathedral is by no means a *monceau de ruines*, this idea being happily *exagérée*, that the cathedral is the house of God and should remain a church, and that to leave the building in ruins would be playing the enemy's game. Armand Dayot, however, inspector-general of Fine Arts and Museums, wishes as little done to the cathedral as possible. 'No restorations save those strictly necessary to the preservation of the building (vaults, roofs, and buttresses). As M. Edmond de Haracourt has well said—'The Cathedral of Rheims was, because of its artistic beauty the Pantheon of Christ; it has become, because of its wounds, the Temple of the *Patrie*.' Let us piously preserve for it this character, and make pilgrimages there. Let the ruin stand, with all its gaping wounds, its twisted columns, its saints and archangels mutilated, the fire of its stained glass quenched forever.'

The majority of the writers take a kind of middle course and wish to preserve both the ruins and the cathedral. For instance, the famous Alsatian, Abbé Wetterlé, writes—'Monument of French glories, monument of German barbarism, the mutilated cathedral will symbolize through the centuries the antithesis of two national mentalities. I understand the feelings of those who would preserve its double character.'

What will American opinion be concerning this matter?

SIR GEORGE BUCHANAN (once British ambassador to Russia), speaking recently at Edinburgh, dwelt on the callous indiffer-

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ence with which the world has regarded the hideously brutal murder of the Tsar and his young family. Yet the best British and French opinion seems to be that Nicholas II personally stood by his allies gallantly to the end, and kept a soldier's faith. Many have wondered why he was thus abandoned. Long before the date of his murder, photographs were printed in various illustrated reviews showing him sitting, very tattered and worn-looking, between two guards, one of whom, according to the photographer who took the picture, had just 'blown a cloud of cigarette smoke into the Tsar's face.' What a pity it is that a change of government has so often been sullied at its source by abominable cruelties! Why cannot great things be greatly done? There was a tempest in England over the guillotining of Louis XVI; Edmund Burke's flaming denunciation still has a place in every schoolboy's rhetoric, but the savage butchery of the Tsar and his young family, has evoked no such indignation. Yet the circumstances of the death of the royal family make their murder one of the most brutal episodes in history. Was it to avoid a repetition of such a horror that the young Emperor Charles of Austria was escorted to Switzerland by an English military mission?

THERE is to be found in still another number of *L'Illustration*, a letter of the highest documentary importance to Americans. It is addressed to the director of the weekly by M. André Tardieu, well known in this country as the chief of the French high commission. After speaking of Commandant Grasset's review of the military operations of the war, M. Tardieu goes on, '. . . to add a few lines upon a matter with which I am well acquainted, . . . the participation of the American army in the final phase of the war. All the world knows that the American army was first engaged, between May and August, 1918, by divisions generously put by General Pershing at the disposition of the French army for occasions of immediate and necessary support.

'There is to be seen during this period the success of the first and second divisions at Chateau-Thierry and the Bois Belleau, the splendid participation of five American divisions in the counter-offensive Mangin-Degoutte (18 July, 1918).

'During this time, the first American army was being formed under the command of General Pershing. In September, this army was seen at work reducing the St. Mihiel salient (200 cannon, 15,000 prisoners).

'In the same month, the American army engages in that battle of Meuse-Argonne which will remain its masterpiece.

'You know well the battlefield — wooded, rippled with valleys, and marked by two natural defenses, the Argonne region and the ridges of the Meuse, cut by the river, and formidably prepared by the enemy, who saw in this terrain the principal protection of the great Lille-Metz railway, the vital artery of his front.

'The battle begins on the 26th of September, fought by the First, Third, and Fifth American corps, each possessing three divisions. On the 27th, the spoil includes a gain of seven kilometres in length, 8,000 prisoners and a hundred cannon. On the 3d of October, the enemy, forced to abandon his first two positions, falls back upon a third. The attack continues during the 4th. On the 21st, the American army in *liaison* with the Fourth French army holds the line, Grandpre, North by Brieulles. The enemy has lost his third position and thrown in all his reserves.

'From the 1st to the 11th of November, the last act. The rest of the third position and part of the fourth are taken (3,602 prisoners, advance of eleven kilometres). On the 4th of November, seven kilometres more are taken. The number of prisoners and cannon taken grows. On the 5th, the Meuse is crossed at Dun. On the 10th, the Americans are at Sedan. The road to Metz is open, and the enemy admits his defeat in his *communiqué*.

'The Germans threw a great number of divisions into this battle; twenty-two being used on the 4th of November. General Pershing had thrown in 580,000 men and had suffered 148,000 casualties.

'Only a few weeks ago, General Foch rendered eloquent homage to this American army which I saw being formed in the summer of 1917; this army which by the

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autumn of 1918, competed in victory with its European elders. You will understand that in order to complete the tableau drawn by your contributor, I wished to recall those glorious weeks in which Pershing transformed into action those words of his, spoken two years ago, "Lafayette, here we are!"

'Believe me, very sincerely yours,

'André Tardieu.'

THERE is much comment in British journals on various attempts of the 'middle class' to organize for protection. Mr. Kennedy Jones, M.P., has been urging that something of the kind is necessary to withstand the rapacity of the manual worker and the profiteer and to combat legislative and industrial tyranny. Such a development seems natural, even inevitable, in days when a minority are trying to force us all to live in an embittered world poisoned by 'class' wars and 'class' hatreds. There has been a 'middle class' strike in Dusseldorf which was successful. To return to Britain, the *Saturday Review* announces that Major Prettyman Newman and Mr. Kennedy Jones have called their organization the Middle Class League and continues satirically — 'Socially, it is awkward to speak of classes; scientifically, it is impossible to ignore them. All those who labor with their hands for a weekly wage, we put into the upper class. The distributors, organizers, and skilled intermediaries, we put into the middle class; those who inherit lands or money, and those who live by their brains in law, the Church, medicine, literature, and art are the lower classes. . . . We make no appeal *ad misericordiam* for the lower class, though the conditions of their class are well-nigh intolerable, . . . they must trust to the generosity and geniality of the upper class, the Smillies and the 'Chotser' Moneys to let them live in some hugger-mugger fashion.

The best exposition of British middle class aims, however, is perhaps to be found in the 'Musings without Method' of the Editor of *Blackwood's*. He writes:

'. . . What is wanted, then, is a middle-class union which shall guard the interests and defend the property of its members — a union which shall dissociate itself from the sectarian middle class, the puppet of Manchester, whose ideal never rose higher than a full breeches pocket. That middle class and its grasping egoism died a welcome death when Mr. Asquith and his friends were beaten at the polls. The middle class, which we would see united, is, as we have said, far wider in its interests and less selfish in its policy than the mob which supported John Bright of old and Messrs. Asquith and Runciman but yesterday. And its first duty will be the defense of its own rights. It has no desire to take anything from the profit or happiness of others. At the same time, it will refuse to be robbed for the exclusive advantage of the tyrants who pretend to believe that the workingman should engross all the privileges and evade most of the duties of life.'

THERE was once to be found, in Britain, a little group of romantic sentimentalists who remained faithful to the Stuart line, and celebrated on the 30th of January a kind of Jacobite feast day. The writer remembers seeing postage stamps bearing the likeness of the 'pretender,' who happened to be a Princess of Bavaria. These were attached to the envelope by the side of the official postage stamp, thus constituting a nuisance to the authorities and a source of annoyance to the serious-minded Victoria. Since the death of his mother, Maria Theresa of Bavaria, a few weeks ago, the ex-Prince Rupert of Bavaria is now the official Stuart pretender to the throne of Great Britain. The Muse of history has ever had a leaning toward irony.

'SOLDIERS' COUNCILS' are probably not as popular as they once were. Robert Vaucher, who has just returned from Russia, writes that in the Bolshevik army it is now forbidden, on pain of death, to form councils, and gives first hand accounts of attempts to form such councils being savagely put down. An order of the Swiss Federal Council which 'has given great offense in Socialist circles' reads thus: 'Associations and Organizations (Soldiers' Councils, Union, and the like) the object and aim of which is to undermine military discipline are forbidden. Whoever enters

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into such an organization, continues to belong to it, or takes an active part as a member, and whoever takes part in forming such an organization or invites people to join such an organization, takes part in its proceedings or accepts and follows its instructions, will be sentenced to a maximum of two years' imprisonment.' The recruit of the 'Volunteer Army of the Hungarian People's Republic,' however, is merely asked to sign a kind of military pledge promising to 'fulfill' his 'duties,' to 'obey with zeal,' and to 'submit to the disciplinary powers of the democratic jury court.' The signature of the recruit must be accompanied by those of two witnesses.

FROM the London *Nation* comes this sympathetic picture called 'In Hospital.'

We are, all of us, the shadows of a war which has become a topic of casual conversation; a curious sense of absurdity possesses us and intensifies the general feeling of tragic stupidity that has brought about our present helpless condition.

Two Chinamen, members of the Chinese Labor Corps, lie opposite in a corner; they have contracted bad chest troubles owing to exposure in a climate which is new to them. They cough incessantly. These two Orientals have traveled thousands of miles to labor in France for one franc a day! It is a fascinating mental exercise to lie in bed and fit them into the monstrous jig-saw puzzle of modern times. They do not learn much English, their one intelligible phrase being a pessimistic 'No b—y goodeela.'

Next to the Chinese lie three German soldiers who suffer with frost-bitten feet and debility. They glance occasionally at the Chinamen with an amused expression, and are not above borrowing matches or cigarettes. Several other Germans with minor ailments are utilized by the R.A.M.C. as orderlies. They make the beds, tuck up the Chinamen; bring hot water for the English patients, and are very popular in the hospital.

There are also two South African soldiers in the same ward, and these speak German fluently, acting as interpreters between the English and German patients. It is an extraordinary atmosphere; one fears for peace and quiet in such a ward, but racial feelings seem to have entirely evaporated. It is impossible to detect any emotion that might conceivably have arisen from the violence of war. The Germans are quite oblivious of 'defeat'; the English are equally unconscious of 'victory.' These two things that have provided a livid background for the civilian press have no real existence here. A Prussian Guardsman posts one's letters with great care and obvious sympathy. We are all homesick men, weary of life under military conditions. Our idea of the war resolves itself into an irritating sense of unreality and blank futility, and one is inclined to doubt whether there ever was a war. Is it possible that the friendly German soldier who arranges my blankets so carefully — is it possible that he and I have been doing our utmost to destroy each other? It is incredible! Illusion torments the mind until life becomes an idiotic medley of insane angles. There is no sane basis in things; it is impossible to arrange the present conditions of life in a logical sequence, and there is no mental satisfaction to be derived from analyzing our present position in relation to the war.

The Prussian Guardsman wishes to wash the towels of those patients who lie helpless in bed, and he washes them better than a woman!

The scene in the ward at night is too stupefying for anything, save lumps in the throat. A few Germans will sit on the end of our beds, and, by the aid of the South Africans, carry on a conversation about the future. No bitter words are spoken; no angry thoughts are expressed; cigarettes are exchanged and the dimly-lighted ward seems to sanctify the brotherhood of men who were a few months ago legalized 'enemies.' One and all are moved by the same hatred of military life; one and all peer mentally into a future which shall contain no such insanity as war.

A London newspaper, sensational with war scares, finds its way into the peaceful ward; one can only smile at the frantic headlines; one can only despise the civilian brains that will not understand.

A.F.T.

France.

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On Shakespeare's birthday there were to be found in the *Daily News*, two photographs, one of Shakespeare's bust, the other of Mr. Alfred Thomas Shakespeare Hart of Lichfield, the 'poet's lineal descendant.' All of which calls to mind an announcement in the *Morning Post* of ten years ago. It was announced that Mr. Charlemagne K. Hopper, an American descendant of Shakespeare's was staying at the Carlton Hotel. His home was in the rising town of Bismarckville, Mo., where he dealt in 'wheat, both white and red, and of both spring and autumn varieties, maize, or Indian corn, oats, rye, buckwheat of every variety, seed corn, and bearded barley,' and he had 'the *entrée* to the most exclusive coteries of Albany and Buffalo.' Mr. Hopper's story was that Lady Barnard, Shakespeare's grandchild, had a studiously concealed, illegitimate daughter Anne, who was ancestor of the Pooke family, whose connection with Mr. Hopper had been traced by 'Mr. Cohen, a charming and cultivated genealogist, whose business is mainly with America and the Colonies.' The last of the Pookes had, it seemed, left a daughter, Cassiopeia, who married the Rev. Mr. Aesop Hopper, a minister of the Hicksite persuasion in Cincinnati. The announcement was taken seriously by evening papers, who sent reporters hurriedly round to the Carlton Hotel to interview the Cygnet of Avon. But Mr. Hopper was merely an invention of Mr. Belloc's: his story may still be read in the volume of collected essays called *On Everything*.

Lovers of bell music will be glad to hear that the famous carillons at Mechlin and Bruges were not destroyed by the Germans. They were actually marked for destruction — to supply the Boche with materials for making munitions — but the German Army had become a 'salted slug,' to use a soldier's picturesque similitude, before the act of vandalism could be carried out. M. Joseph Denyn has actually been playing on his beloved Hemony bells, and one can imagine the delight with which the people of Mechlin once more heard the greatest of *carilloneurs* displaying his enraptured virtuosity in a clear sky. You get a wonderful and unwonted view from St. Rombold's stupendous tower in these days of a still imperfect peace, for the tall chimneys of the Belgian factories are now smokeless and the air is so clear that you can surmise, even if your eye cannot reach, the edged glimmer of the sea on the far blue horizon. But Belgium has no love of idleness, and everybody will be glad when the dark, fantastical smoke-blossoms are seen once more on their straight stalks — to sway and fluctuate to the far-flung music of the historic bells cast in a bygone century by the Stradivarius of bell founders.

THE EDITOR'S NOTE-BOOK

Ernest Daudet, son of the novelist, Alphonse Daudet, is the literary champion of the French Royalists. The translated article indicates clearly the determination of all various types of French nationalists to support the Premier.

* * *

Reverend Frank Ballard D.D., M.A. is Christian Evidence Lecturer for the Wesleyan Conference.

Lytton Strachey is the author of the recently published *Eminent Victorians*.

* * *

Constance Louise Maynard is a distinguished English scholar. She was for many years principal of Westfield College.

* * *

The Honorable John Collier is one of the best-known British painters.

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A SONNET

BY GEOFFREY HOWARD

Disease, disaster, and the death of friends —
Want, and the sudden shipwreck of great aims;
The Love that falls upon a spear and ends;
The Grief like hissing water cast on flames:
These blows, these sharp defeats, these onsets fierce,
May leave us neither bitter, nor subdued;
May dint indeed and, dinting, fail to pierce
Man's common faith, his natural fortitude.

It is the dear changed thing that lingers on —
It is Love's first, half-warm, perfunctory kiss;
It is the Hope that, with all summer gone,
Breaks into late and futile bud — 't is this,
'T is this that gives the sting! — that sends the dart
To wriggle through the harness to the heart!

The New Witness

LA VIE CÉLÉBRALE

BY ROBIN FLOWER

I am alone, alone,
There is nothing — only I;
And when I will to die
All must be gone.

Eternal thought in me
Puts on the dress of time
And builds a stage to mime
Its listless tragedy.

And in that dress of time
And on that stage of space
I place, change, and replace
Life to a willful rime.

I summon at my whim
All things that are, that were:
The high incredible air
Where stars — my creatures — swim.

I dream, and from my mind
The dead, the living come;
I build a marble Rome,
I give it to the wind.

Athens and Babylon
I breathe upon the night,
Troy towers for my delight
And crumbles stone by stone.

I change with white and green
The seasons hour by hour;
I think — it is a flower,
Think — and the flower has been.

Men, women, things, a stream
That wavers and flows by,
A lonely dreamer, I
Build and cast down the dream.

And one day weary grown
Of all my brain has wrought,
I shall destroy my thought
And I and all be gone.

The Anglo-French Review

ON AN ENGLISH REPRINT OF THE GREEK ANTHOLOGY

BY ALFRED PERCEVAL GRAVES

Dew from the mountains of morn distilled on the shores of the sunset;
Gleams of the glory of Greece, gilding our ultimate clime;
Slow, sweet pipings of Pan, quick blasts of Athenian onset;
Tears for the mighty dead coursing in cadence sublime.
Flashes of fiery love, fond glimpses of family faces;
Groans of human despair, hymns of celestial care;
Clashes of fate and change, glad flights of the Fauns and the Graces;
Glorious, laughter-lit jewels of wisdom and wit.

The Bookman

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